A

POCKET HYMN BOOK:

DESIGNED AS A

CONSTANT COMPANION

For the PIOUS.

Collected from various AUTHORS.

SIXTH EDITION.

PSALM civ. 33.

I WILL SING UNTO THE LORD AS LONG AS I LIVE; I WILL SING PRAISE UNTO MY GOD WHILE I HAVE MY BEING.

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M,DCC,XCIII.

A

POCKET HYMN BOOK.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN I.

1 O FOR a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Maſter, and my God,
Aſſiſt me to proclaim,
To ſpread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jeſus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe:
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd ſin,
He ſets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulеſt clean:
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be ſav'd through faith alone,
Be juſtify'd by grace!

6 See all your ſins on Jeſus laid:
The Lamb of God was ſlain,
His ſoul was once an off'ring made
For every ſoul of man.

7 With me, your chief, ye then ſhall know,
Shall feel your ſins forgiv'n;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

HYMN II.

1 Come, ye ſinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more,

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream,
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden'd,
Bruis'd and mangl'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jeſus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!

Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd!"
Sinners, will not this ſuffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God aſcending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other truſt intrude;
None but Jeſus
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful ſeats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

HYMN III.

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel-feaſt;
Let every ſoul be Jeſu's gueſt:
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world: Come, ſinner, thou!
All things in Chriſt are ready now.

3 Come, all ye ſouls by ſin oppreſt,
Ye reſtleſs wand'rers after reſt;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Chriſt a hearty welcome find.

4 My meſſage as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Chriſt and live;
O let his love your hearts conſtrain,
Nor ſuffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel:
His conqu'ring love conſent to feel;
Yield to his love's reſiſtleſs pow'r;
And fight againſt your God no more.

6 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding ſacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace!

7 This is the time: No more delay?
This is the acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who dy'd for all!

HYMN IV.

Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael! Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, aſks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himſelf to live;
He the fatal cauſe demands,
Aſks the work of his own hands:
Why, ye thankleſs creatures, why
Will ye croſs his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, aſks you why?
God, who did your ſouls retrieve,
Dy'd himſelf, that you might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ranſom'd ſinners, why
Will you ſlight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, aſks you why?
He, who all your lives hath ſtrove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you ſtill refuſe to live?
Why, you long ſought ſinners, why
Will you grieve your God and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in ſin,
Dead to God while here you breathe,
Pant ye after ſecond death?
Will you ſtill in ſin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O ye dying ſinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

HYMN V.

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel-word!
Haſte to the ſupper of my Lord!
Be wiſe to know your gracious day!
All things are ready; come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiſs his late returning ſon:
Ready your loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Juſt now the ſtony to remove:
T'apply, and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh, and ſeal the ſons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Are ready with their ſhining hoſt:
All heav'n is ready to reſound,
"The Dead's alive! The Loſt is found."

6 Come then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
In Chriſt to paradiſe reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel-grace.

HYMN VI.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree;
How vaſt the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ranſom's paid,
"Receive my ſoul," he cries!
See, where he bows his ſacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But ſoon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory ſhine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN VII.

1 O LOVE divine! what haſt thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

2 Behold him, all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, ſee, ye worms, your Maker die,
And ſay, was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd!

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jeſu's blood;

Pardon for all flows from his ſide;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

4 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream;
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or ſpeak beſide;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

HYMN VIII.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick through all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs woe
Depends on ev'ry breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN IX.

1 When riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought;
My ſoul with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought!

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear!

4 O may my broken, contrite heart
Timely my ſins lament,
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent.

5 Behold the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to ſecure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd
To make that pardon ſure.

HYMN X.

1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And muſt my trembling ſpirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepeſt ſhade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happineſs or woe
Muſt then my portion be!
Wak'd by the trumpet's ſound,
I from my grave ſhall riſe,
And ſee the Judge with glory crown'd,
And ſee the flaming ſkies!

3 How ſhall I leave my tomb!
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curſe or bleſſing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my ſoul away,
To meet its ſentence there?

4 Who can reſolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breaſt?
Shall I be with the damn'd caſt out,
Or number'd with the bleſt?
I muſt from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Muſt come at his command to heav'n,
Or elſe depart to hell.

5 O thou, that wouldſt not have
One wretch'd ſinner die,
Who dy'dſt thyſelf my ſoul to ſave
From endleſs miſery!

Shew me the way to ſhun
Thy dreadful wrath ſevere,
That when thou comeſt on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyſelf the way,
Thyſelf to me reveal;
So ſhall I ſpend my life's ſhort day
Obedient to thy will:
So ſhall I love my God,
Becauſe he firſt lov'd me;
And praiſe thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN XI.

1 And am I only born to die?
And muſt I ſuddenly comply
With Nature's ſtern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celeſtial joys, or helliſh pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And preps the houſe of clay!
My ſole concern, my ſingle care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Againſt that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling there,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life ſo ſoon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind muſt ſtand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's miſery or joy;
But oh! when both ſhall end,
Where ſhall I find my deſtin'd place?
Shall I my everlaſting days
With fiends or angels ſpend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may eſcape the death
That never, never dies!
How make my own election ſure,
And when I fail on earth, ſecure
A manſion in the ſkies!

6 Jeſus, vouchſafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happineſs!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whenſo'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN XII.

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1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whoſe bar ſevere,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all ſhall ſoon appear:
Our caution'd ſouls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And ſtir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majeſty and pow'r,
Thou ſhalt from heav'n come down;
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increaſe our gracious fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be ſounding in our ears
The ſolemn midnight cry:
"Ye Dead, the Judge is come,
"Ariſe and meet him in the ſky,
"And meet your inſtant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's ſound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus enſure
A lot among the bleſt,
And watch a moment to ſecure
An everlaſting reſt?

HYMN XIII.

1 He comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His light'nings flaſh, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful ſoul!

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN XIV.

1 Lo! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand, thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
God appears with man to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

3 The dear tokens of his paſſion,
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cauſe of endleſs exultation
To his ranſom'd worſhippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on thoſe glorious ſcars.

4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlaſting God come down.

HYMN XV.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound:
Let all the nations know
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Jeſus, our great High Prieſt,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary ſpirits reſt;
Ye mournful ſouls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb!
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

5 Ye, who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſu's love.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

6 The goſpel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
And, ſav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

HYMN XVI.

1 LUKEWARM ſouls, the foe grows ſtronger,
See the hoſt your camp ſurrounds?
Arm to battle, lag no longer,
Hark! the ſilver trumpet ſounds!
Wake, ye ſleepers! wake, what mean you?
Sin beſets you round about,
Up and ſearch, the world's within you,
Slay, or chaſe the traitor out.

2 What inchants you, ſloth or pleaſure?
Pluck right-eyes, with right-hands part,
Aſk your conſcience where's your treaſure,
For be certain there's your heart:
Give the fawning foe no credit,
See the bloody flag's unfurl'd!
That baſe heart, the Truth hath ſaid it,
Loves not God that loves the world.

3 God and Mammon? Oh! be wiſer!
Serve them both? it cannot be;
Eaſe in warfare, ſaint and miſer,
Theſe can never well agree.
Shun the ſhame of baſely falling,
Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay,
Prove your faith, make ſure your calling,
Wield the ſword, and win the day.

4 Onward preſs toward perfection,
Watch and pray, and all things prove;
Now make ſure your own election,
Taſte the riches of his love:
Shun backſliding, ſcorn diſſembling,
Lo! ſalvation's near in view!
Work it out with fear and trembling,
'Tis your God that works in you.

HYMN XVII.

1 THOU God of glorious majeſty,
To thee, againſt myſelf to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas I ſtand
Secure, inſenſible;
A point of time, a moment's ſpace,
Removes me to that heav'nly place,
Or ſhuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmoſt ſoul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteouſneſs.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day.
When thou with clouds ſhalt come
To judge the nations at the bar;
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great buſineſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and fear
Eternal bliſs t'enſure!
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

6 Then, Saviour, then my ſoul receive,
Tranſported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full ſupreme delight,
And everlaſting love.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN XVIII.

1 FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
Whoſe goodneſs, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry;
To thee I look, my heart prepare,
Suggeſt and hearken to my pray'r.

2 Since by thy light myſelf I ſee
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
Thy eyes muſt all my thoughts ſurvey,
Preventing what my lips would ſay;
Thou ſeeſt my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I ſpeak, thou know'ſt them all.

3 Thou know'ſt the baſeneſs of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'ſt how unſubdu'd my will,
Averſe to good, and prone to ill;
Thou know'ſt how wide my paſſions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I ſee;
Fain would I all my vileneſs own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Deteſt and lothe myſelf and ſin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myſelf to feel
My total miſery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord, (I ſtill would ſay)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My buſ'neſs this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

HYMN XIX.

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful caſe,
Thou who art thy people's ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN XX.

1 THE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I would purſue with heart and mind,
And ſeek unweary'd till I find.

2 But oh! I'm blind and ignorant;
The Spirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happineſs and God.

O Lord my God, to thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way
How I may have my ſins forgiv'n,
And ſafe and ſurely get to heav'n.

3 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel-myſtery,
Which ſhews the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in Chriſt the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price;
No other way than Chriſt there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

6 O Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord and God,
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy blood!
Unite my heart ſo faſt to thee,
That we may never parted be.

HYMN XXI.

1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in ſunder cleave!
Thou, by the two-edg'd ſword,
My ſoul and ſpirit part,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my ſtubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace beſtow,
Unlooſe the bands of wickedneſs,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my ſins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thy own mercy's ſake,
The curſed thing remove,
And into thy protection take
The priſ'ner of thy love;
In ev'ry trying hour
Stand by my feeble ſoul,
And ſkreen me from my nature's pow'r,
'Till thou haſt made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I ſhould holy be,
Should let my ſin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:

O might I now embrace
Thy all sufficient pow'r,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

HYMN XXII.

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long suff'ring shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If I now myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye purſu'd
The firſt apoſtate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him riſe again;
Speak my paradiſe reſtor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gaſp'd) "forgive;"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'ſt my heart of ſtone.

HYMN XXIII.

1 LET the world their virtue boaſt,
Their works of righteouſneſs;
I, a wretch undone and loſt,
Am freely ſav'd by grace;
Other title I diſclaim,
This, only this is all my plea,
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

2 Happy they whoſe joys abound
Like Jordan's ſwelling ſtream,
Who their heav'n in Chriſt have found,
And give the praiſe to him:
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity:
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

3 Bleſt are they, entirely bleſt,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breaſt,
And hear the Bridegroom's voice;

Meaneſt follower of the Lamb,
His ſteps I at a diſtance ſee:
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

4 Jeſus, thou for me haſt dy'd,
And thou in me ſhalt live;
I ſhall feel thy death apply'd,
I ſhall thy life receive:
To bring fire on earth thou came,
O that it now may kindled be!
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

HYMN XXIV.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem!
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the bleſſing prove,
My heart's extreme deſire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I aſk to ſeal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's pow'r,
I may from ev'ry evil ceaſe,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my ſins remove,
And ſet my ſoul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In anſwer to ten thouſand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God deſcend,
Number me with ſalvation's heirs,
My ſins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I aſk, or want beſide,
Of all in earth or heav'n;
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live, and die forgiv'n.

HYMN XXV.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompaſt round,
Whom angels dimly ſee,
Will the unſearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forſake this throne above,
Himſelf to worms impart?
Anſwer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
And ſpeak it to my heart.

3 In manifeſted love explain
Thy wonderful deſign;
What meant the ſuff'ring Son of Man!
The ſtreaming blood divine?

4 Didſt thou not in our fleſh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my ſoul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my ſorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confeſt,
Stand forth a ſlaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimſon veſt,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy perſon ſhow,
Jehovah crucify'd!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood apply'd.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly ſee;
And gaze, tranſported at the ſight,
To all eternity.

HYMN XXVI.

1 JESU, if ſtill the ſame thou art,
If all thy promiſes are ſure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treaſures giv'n,
The kingdom of an inward heav'n.

2 Thou haſt pronounc'd the mourners bleſt;
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot; no, I will not reſt,
Till thou my only reſt return;
Till thou, the Prince, of Peace appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the bleſſedneſs beſtow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirſt for God!
See the poor fainting ſinner, ſee,
And ſatisfy with endleſs peace,
And fill me with thy righteouſneſs.

4 Ah! Lord if thou art in that ſigh,
Then hear thyſelf within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring ſoul would ſay:
Anſwer the deep unutter'd groan,
And ſhew that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, diſperſe the gloom;
Light in thy light I then ſhall ſee:
Say to my ſoul, "Thy light is come,
"Glory divine is ris'n on thee:
'Thy warfare's paſt, thy mourning's o'er;
'Look up, for thou ſhalt weep no more.'"

6 Lord, I believe the promiſe ſure,
And truſt thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and ſorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myſelf I ſtay;
Into thine hands my All reſign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN XXVII.

1 JESUS, if ſtill thou art to-day
As yeſterday the ſame,
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name.

2 If ſtill thou go'ſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praiſe may ſhow,
Be all thy wonders ſhow'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat,
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'ſt how long)
My voice I cannot raiſe;
But O! when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

7 Lame at the pool I ſtill am found:
Give, and my ſtrength employ:
Light as a hart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot ſee,
The ſinfulneſs of ſin.

9 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by,
O let me find thee near:
Jeſus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David hear.

10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
Sinner, receive thy ſight!

HYMN XXVIII.

THE BEGGAR.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door:
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's uſual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee
I know thou would'ſt diſdain:
And thoſe which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men would ſcorn to hear.

3 I have no right to ſay,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more:
Thou know'ſt that from my very birth
I've been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profeſs,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my diſtreſs,
My faults have been but few:
If thou ſhould'ſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I well deſerve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often haſt reliev'd my pain,
And often I muſt come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a dog as I,
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy;
O do not frown and bid me go,
I muſt have all thou can'ſt beſtow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only Wiſe,
Our thoughts and ways tranſcend,
Far as the arched ſkies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God regards a beggar's pray'r.

HYMN XXIX.

1 Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring!
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN XXX.

1 O LOVE divine! how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirſt, I faint, I die to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unſearchable:
The firſt-born ſons of light
Deſire in vain its depths to ſee;
They cannot reach the myſtery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now was ſhed abroad
In this poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever ſit
With Mary at the Maſter's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliſs,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt!
From care, and ſin, and ſorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt!

HYMN XXXI.

1 Ah! whither ſhould I go,
Burden'd, and ſick, and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhow,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary ſinner home,
And yet from him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within:
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some ſecret boſom-ſin.

3 Jeſu, the hind'rance ſhow,
Which I have fear'd to ſee;
Yet let me now conſent to know
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r diſplay;
Into its darkeſt corners ſhine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe, in thee
Compaſſion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'ſt fain remove;
Remove it, and I ſhall declare
That God is only love.

HYMN XXXII.

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt the juſt,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a ſoul that fain would truſt
In him who liv'd and dy'd for me:
But only thou canſt make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Shew me in Chriſt thy ſmiling face,
What fleſh and blood can ne'er reveal;
Thy co-eternal Son diſplay,
And call my darkneſs into day.

3 The gift unſpeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to ſhine;
To ſhine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 O JESUS my Hope
For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour purſu'd thee to Calvary's top;
The blood thou haſt ſhed,
For me let it plead,
And declare thou haſt dy'd in thy murderer's ſtead.

2 Now, now let me know
Its virtue below;
Let it waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than ſnow.
Let it hallow my heart,
And throughly convert,
And make, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

3 Each moment apply'd,
My weakneſs to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My advocate prove
With the Father above,
And ſpeak me at laſt to the throne of thy love.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 COME, holy celeſtial Dove,
To viſit a ſorrowful breaſt,
My burthen of guilt to remove,
And bring me aſſurance and reſt:
Thou only haſt pow'r to relieve
A ſinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
The ſenſe of acceptance to give,
And ſprinkle his heart with thy blood.

2 With me if of old thou haſt ſtrove,
And ſtrangely with-held from my ſin,
And try'd, by the lure of thy love,
My worthleſs affections to win:
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermoſt mercy exert;
And kindly continue to ſtrive,
And hold till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And ſigh'd from myſelf to get free;
And groan'd the unſpeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect deſire,
Thy peace to my conſcience reveal;
The ſenſe of thy favour inſpire,
And give me my pardon to feel!

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:

Moſt pityful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and reſtore,
My ſpirit in holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to ſuffer no more.

5 If now I lament after God,
And gaſp for a drop of thy love,
If Jeſus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above:
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witneſs of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And ſeal me eternally thine!

HYMN XXXV.

1 STAY, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay,
Tho' I have done thee ſuch deſpite,
Nor caſt the ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2 Though I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd;

3 Yet, O! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honour of my great High-Prieſt,
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
T' exclude me from thy people's reſt.

4 If yet thou canſt my ſins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy reſt of love receive,
And bleſs me with the calm repoſe.

5 From now my weary ſoul releaſe,
Up-raiſe me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land,

HYMN XXXVI.

1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of pray'r.

4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin!
A godly fear of sin impart:
Implant and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
And never dare t' offend the more.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly,
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see,

2 Welcome as the water ſpring
To a dry, barren place;
O deſcend on me and bring
Thy ſweet refreſhing grace;
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its ſhade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And ſcreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my diſtreſs
Thou haſt my ſuccour been,
In my utter helpleſſneſs
Reſtraining me from ſin:
O how ſwiftly didſt thou move,
To ſave me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And ſhield me with thy pow'r.

4 Firſt and laſt, in me perform
The work thou haſt begun:
Be my ſhelter from the ſtorm,
My ſhadow from the ſun:
Let me hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory ſee,
Till the ſprinkling of thy blood
Shall ſpeak me up to thee.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 O THOU that hear'ſt when ſinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight;

Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

7 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

HYMN XXXIX.

1 DROOPING ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
Fearful ſoul, be ſtrong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold;
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not ſet thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming ſtay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting ſoul, be bold, be ſtrong;
Wait the leiſure of thy Lord;
Though it ſeem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word;
On his word my ſoul I caſt,
(He cannot himſelf deny)
Surely it ſhall ſpeak at laſt;
It ſhall ſpeak, and ſhall not lie.

3 Ev'ry one that ſeeks ſhall find:
Ev'ry one that aſks ſhall have;
Chriſt, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to ſave,
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
I in faith on Jeſus call,
I from ſin ſhall be ſet free,
Perfectly ſet free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand;
Weak and helpleſs as I am,
Surely thou canſt make me ſtand;
I believe in Jeſu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou haſt ſav'd me heretofore,
Thou from ſin doſt ſave me now;
Thou ſhalt ſave me evermore.

HYMN XL.

1 WHY ſhould the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, deſcend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace!

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all thy ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bleſt wings, Celeſtial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

HYMN XLI.

1 MY drowſy pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake, my ſluggiſh ſoul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

2 Go to the ants:—for one poor grain
See how they toil and ſtrive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their courſes move;
We, for whoſe guards the angel bands,
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, ſhall we live ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly-hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous ſouls to riſe,
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

PETITION.

HYMN XLII.

1 HAPPY ſoul, that free from harms
Reſts within his ſhepherd's arms!
Who his quiet ſhall moleſt?
Who ſhall violate his reſt?

Jeſus doth his ſpirit bear,
Jeſus takes his ev'ry care:
He who found the wand'ring ſheep,
Jeſus ſtill delights to keep.

2 O that I might ſo believe,
Stedfaſtly to Jeſus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the deſtroyer nigh;
Free from ſin and ſervile fear,
Have my Jeſus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradiſe of love.

3 Jeſus, ſeek thy wand'ring ſheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my ev'ry care;
Bear me, on thy boſom bear.
Let me know my ſhepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy ſpirit live.

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above;
O that I at laſt may ſtand
With the ſheep at thy right-hand;
Take the crown ſo freely giv'n;
Enter in, by thee, to heav'n.

HYMN XLIII.

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who haſt on me beſtow'd
An immortal ſoul, deſign'd
To be the houſe of God:

Come, and now reſide in me,
Never, never to remove,
Make me juſt, and good, like thee,
And full of pow'r and love.

2 Bid me in thy image riſe,
A ſaint, a creature new;
True, and merciful, and wiſe,
And pure, and happy too.
This thy primitive deſign,
That I ſhould in thee be bleſt;
Should within thy arms divine
For ever, ever reſt.

3 Let thy will on me be done;
Fulfil my heart's deſire,
Thee to know, and love alone,
And riſe in raptures higher:
Thee deſcending on a cloud,
When with raviſh'd eyes I ſee,
Then I ſhall be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

HYMN XLIV.

1 GOD of all grace and majeſty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found in thee,
Through the atoning blood:
The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear, leſt I ſhould ever grieve
Thy gracious Sp'rit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuſe my liberty,
Or ſin againſt thy love:

This choiceſt fruit of faith beſtow
On a poor ſojourner;
And let me paſs my days below
In humbleneſs and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy ſight,
My ſtrict obſerver ſee;
And thou by rev'rent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are paſt,
At Jeſu's feet abide;
So ſhall he lift me up at laſt,
And ſeat me by his ſide.

HYMN XLV.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous godly fear,
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodneſs grieve,
The filial awe, the fleſhy heart,
The tender conſcience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conſcience make;
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

4 If to the right or left I ſtray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.

5 O may the leaſt omiſſion pain
My well-inſtructed ſoul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN XLVI.

1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, Lord.

7 Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll,
The circle where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

8 To thee my ſpirits fly,
With infinite deſire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus, raiſe me higher.

HYMN XLVII.

1 JESUS, come, thou hope of glory;
Purify me, that I
May with ſaints adore thee.

2 Big with earneſt expectation,
Still I ſit at thy feet,
Longing for ſalvation.

3 My poor heart vouchſafe to dwell in,
Make me thine, Love Divine,
By thy Spirit's ſealing.

4 Thou haſt laid the ſure foundation
Of my hope, build me up;
Finiſh thy creation.

5 From this in-bred ſin deliver;
Let the yoke now be broke,
Make me thine for ever.

6 Partner of thy perfect nature
Let me be, now in thee,
A new ſpotleſs creature.

7 Perfect when I walk before thee,
Soon or late, then tranſlate
To the realms of glory.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 I THIRST thou wounded Lamb of God,
To waſh me in thy cleanſing blood:
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breaſt, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How bleſt are they who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding ſide!
Who life and ſtrength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

4 What are our works but ſin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning ſpirit breathe:
Thou giv'ſt the pow'r thy grace to move,
O wond'rous grace, O boundleſs love!

5 How can it be, thou heav'nly king,
That thou ſhouldſt us to glory bring?
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are loſt; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of ought beſide,
"My Lord, my Love is crucify'd."

7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our ſcanty thought
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable!

8 Firſt-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo! all our ſouls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN XLIX.

1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain, my curſe haſt took,
All my ſins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord, to thee I look,
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 To love is all my wiſh,
I only live for this:

Grant me, Lord, my heart's deſire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

3 Thy pow'r I pant to prove,
Rooted and fixt in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wiſe to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy ſaints below;
Swells my ſoul to compaſs thee;
Gaſps in thee to live and move,
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immerſt and loſt in love.

HYMN L.

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy bleſſing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcaſts in, and ſave
From ſin and Satan's pow'r!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of ſouls, thou know'ſt to prize
What thou haſt bought ſo dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confeſt
The ſuff'ring Son of God;
And let them ſee thee in thy veſt
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The ſtony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all haſt dy'd;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy ſide!

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their ſin;
Thy hands they all ſtretch'd out may ſee,
To take thy murd'rers in.

7 Thy ſide an open fountain is
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living ſtreams of bliſs,
And waſh them white as ſnow.

8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to ſinners cry,
"I ſuffer'd this for you!"

HYMN LI.

1 O God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home;

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

5 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN LII.

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill till the maſter appear!
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a ſtream
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may ſay,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finiſh'd the work thou didſt give me to do."

O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
"Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne."

HYMN LIII.

1 LEADER of faithful ſouls, and guide
Of all that travel to the ſky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely,
On thee alone our Spirit ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place,
And haſten thro' the vale of woe,
And reſtleſs to behold thy face;
Swift to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight,
Thither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the plains of light;
Jeruſalem, the ſaints abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we caſt behind,
From ſtrength to ſtrength we travel on,
The new Jeruſalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jeruſalem.

5 Thro' thee, who all our ſins haſt borne,
Freely and graciouſly forgiv'n,
With ſongs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heav'n:
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we ſing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd,
The church of the firſt-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads ariſe,
And meet our Captain in the ſkies.

HYMN LIV.

1 Son of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And giv'n me back my hope:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindneſs ſhow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, ſtand
In ſore temptation's hour!
Save me with thine out-ſtretch'd hand,
And ſhew forth all thy pow'r:
O be mindful of thy word,
Thy all-ſufficient grace beſtow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With ſpeedy care depart.
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd:
Till thou deſtroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breaſt,
From thee, my Saviour, ſtray;
Thou art my ſupport and reſt,
My true and living way,

My exceeding great reward
In heav'n above, and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

HYMN LV.

1 LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacify'd?
After all that I have done,
Doſt thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath the weight I cannot move;
Oh! 'tis more than I can bear,
The ſenſe of pard'ning love!

2 Let it ſtill my heart conſtrain,
And all my paſſions ſway;
Keep me, leſt I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my vi'lence to be ſtill,
And captivate my ev'ry thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy ſweet return to feel;
If even now I find thy pow'r
Preſent my ſoul to heal:
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor ſtruggle out of thine embrace;
Never more reſiſt or fly
From thy purſuing grace.

4 To the croſs, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to move;

That I never, never more
May with my much-lov'd Maſter part,
To the poſts of Mercy's door
O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helpleſſneſs,
And leave me not alone;
O preſerve in perfect peace,
And ſeal me for thine own!
More and more thyſelf reveal,
Thy preſence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, ſin-ſick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakeſt ſervant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have an hope of heav'n;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiv'n.

HYMN LVI.

1 THEE will I love, my ſtrength, my tow'r,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
In all my works, and thee alone.
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

2 Ah! why did I ſo late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the ſons of men?
Ah! why did I no ſooner go
To thee, the only eaſe in pain?
Aſham'd I ſigh and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3 In darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd;
I ſought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd;
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, Uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have ſhin'd;
I thank thee, who haſt overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whoſe enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray;
Strengthen my feet with ſteady pace,
Still to preſs forward in thy way:
My ſoul and fleſh, O Lord of might!
Fill, ſatiate with thy heav'nly light!

HYMN LVII.

1 INFINITE, unexhauſted love!
Jeſus and love are one:
If ſtill to me thy bowels move,
They are reſtrain'd to none.

2 What ſhall I do my God to love!
My loving God to praiſe?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of ſov'reign grace?

3 Thy ſov'reign grace to all extends,
Immenſe and unconfin'd;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never paſs'd by one,
Or it had paſs'd by me.

5 My treſpaſs was grown up to heav'n;
But far above the ſkies,
In Chriſt abundantly forgiv'n,
I ſee thy mercies riſe!

6 The depth of all redeeming love
What angel-tongue can tell;
O may I to the utmoſt prove
The gift unſpeakable!

7 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Poſſeſſion of thine own!
My longing heart vouchſafe to make
Thine everlaſting throne!

8 Aſſert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above,
And ſink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN LVIII.

1 All glory to God in the ſky,
And peace upon earth be reſtor'd;
O Jeſus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didſt ſtoop to redeem a loſt race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our fleſh didſt appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth:
Aroſe the acceptable year,
And heav'n was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bleſs
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of Peace.

3 O would'ſt thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit deſcend,
And ſet up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never ſhall end,
Thou only art able to bleſs,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity ceaſe,
And bow the whole world to thy ſway.

4 Come then to thy ſervants again,
Who long thy appearing to know,
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy eſtabliſh'd below;
All ſorrow before thee ſhall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice ſhall die,
And diſcord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war,
Shall break our eternal repoſe;
No ſound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jeſus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all ſhall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a paſſion like thine.

HYMN LIX.

1 Com. Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in perſons three!
Bring back the heav'nly bleſſings loſt
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too,
To me, to all reſtore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Diſplay thy beams divine,
And cauſe the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to ſhine.

4 Light in thy light O may I ſee,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bleſt by thee,
The God of pard'ning love!

5 Lift up thy countenance ſerene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd!

6 That all compriſing peace beſtow
On me, through grace forgiv'n;
The joys of holineſs below,
And then the joys of heav'n!

HYMN LX.

1 O Almighty God of Love,
Thy holy arm diſplay!
Send me ſuccour from above,
In this my evil day;
Arm my weakneſs with thy pow'r,
Woman's ſeed appear within!
Be my ſafeguard and my tow'r
Againſt the face of ſin.

2 Rock of my Salvation, haſte,
Extend thy ample ſhade,
Let it over me be caſt,
And ſcreen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my ſure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's pow'r,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

3 Set upon thyſelf my feet,
And make me ſurely ſtand;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thine hand:
Let me in the cleft be plac'd;
Never from thy fence remove;
In thy arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN LXI.

1 Come, Saviour, Jeſu, from above!
Aſſiſt me with thy heav'nly grace!
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyſelf prepare the place.

2 O let thy ſacred preſence fill,
And ſet my longing ſpirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feaſt on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I purſue:
I'll bid this world of noiſe and ſhow,
With all its glitt'ring ſnares, adieu.

4 That path with humble ſpeed I'll ſeek,
In which my Saviour's footſteps ſhine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I ſpeak
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this conſecrated ſoul;
Poſſeſs it thou, who haſt the right,
As Lord and Maſter of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I deſire,
But thy pure love within my breaſt;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the reſt.

HYMN LXII.

1 The praying ſpirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind ſuſtain,
By worldly thoughts oppreſt;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal reſt.

2 Swift to my reſcue come,
Thy own this moment ſeize;
Gather my wand'ring ſpirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arreſt the priſ'ner of thy love,
And ſhut me up in God.

HYMN LXIII.

1 Shepherd divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fi'ry trials laſt,
Long as the croſs we bear,
O let our ſouls on thee be caſt
In never-ceaſing pray'r!

3 The ſpirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim:
To wreſtle till we ſee thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyſelf beſtow,
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart—
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go unleſs
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great ſalvation bleſs,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in ſight is ſwallow'd up,
And pray'r in endleſs praiſe.

HYMN LXIV.

1 JESU, my ſtrength, my hope,
On thee I caſt my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'ſt my pray'r.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a ſober mind,
A ſelf-renouncing will,
That tramples down and caſts behind
The baits of pleaſing ill:
A ſoul inur'd to pain,
To hardſhip, grief, and loſs,
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain
The conſecrated croſs.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick diſcerning eye,
That looks to thee when ſin is near,
And ſees the tempter fly;
A ſpirit ſtill prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever ſtanding on its guard,
And watching unto pray'r.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never ceaſe,
Never to murmur at thy ſtay,
Or wiſh my ſuff'rings leſs.
This bleſſing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A ſingle, ſteady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, juſt concern
For thine immortal praiſe;
A pure deſire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I reſt upon thy word;
The promiſe is for me,
My ſuccour and ſalvation, Lord,
Shall ſurely come from thee:
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient ſpirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN LXV.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And ſtill my tempted ſoul ſtand by
Throughout the evil day;
The ſacred watchfulneſs impart,
And keep the iſſues of my heart,
And ſtir me up to pray.

2 My ſoul with thy whole armour arm,
In each approach of ſin alarm,
And ſhew the danger near.

Surround, ſuſtain, and ſtrengthen me,
And fill with godly jealouſy,
And ſanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careleſs hands hang down,
O let me ſee thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And ſtarting cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jeſus, or I yield, I ſink!
O ſave me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I raſhly ſtray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart.
Recal me by that pitying look,
That kind upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmoſt mercy ſhow,
And make me like thyſelf below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
By perfect holineſs t' appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN LXVI.

1 Jesu, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I caſt my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inſpire, and then accept my pray'r.

2 If I have taſted of thy grace,
The grace that ſure ſalvation brings:
If with me now thy Spirit ſtays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings.

3 Still let him with my weakneſs ſtay,
Nor for a moment's ſpace depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I ſtray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Chriſt thy way,
"Fly back to Chriſt, for ſin is near."

5 His ſacred unction from above
Be ſtill my comforter and guide;
Till all the ſtony he remove,
And in my loving heart reſide.

6 Jeſus, I fain would walk in thee,
From Nature's ev'ry path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And ſet upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I ſtand.

HYMN LXVII.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky:
To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Maſter's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And O thy ſervant, Lord, prepare
A ſtrict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
Aſſur'd, if I my truſt betray,
I ſhall for ever die.

HYMN LXVIII.

1 BE it my only wiſdom here,
To ſerve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior ſenſe may I diſplay,
By ſhunning ev'ry evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I ſtill from ſin depart;
A wiſe and underſtanding heart,
Jeſus, to me be giv'n!
And let me, through thy Spirit, know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heav'n.

HYMN LXIX.

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whoſe ſufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly ſeek thy face;
Through Jeſus Chriſt the juſt,
My faint deſires receive,
And let me in thy goodneſs truſt,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I ſay or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My off'rings all be offer'd through
The ever-bleſſed name:
Jeſu, my ſingle eye
Be fix'd on thee alone;
Thy name be prais'd on earth; on high,
Thy will by all be done.

3 Spirit of faith, inſpire
My conſecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celeſtial fire,
With all thou haſt and art:

My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a ſaint exalt a worm;
A worm exalt to God.

HYMN LXX.

1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my ſoul renew;
My ſoul ſhall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And ſanctify'd by love divine,
For ever ceaſe from ſin.

2 That bleſſed law of thine,
Jeſu, to me impart;
Thy Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove
The law of liberty from ſin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy ſpotleſs ſanctity,
And ſweetly ev'ry moment draw
My happy ſoul to thee:
Soul of my ſoul remain,
Who didſt for all fulfil;
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heav'nly Father's will.

HYMN LXXI.

1 O FOR a heart to praiſe my God,
A heart from ſin ſet free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely ſpilt for me!

2 A heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine!
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And meſts at human woe;
Jeſu, for thee diſtreſt I am;
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'ſt can never reſt
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repoſſeſs'd,
From ev'ry ſin I ceaſe.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Beſtow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life and the white ſtone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart.
Thy new, beſt name of love.

HYMN LXXII.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Thy ſecret voice invites me ſtill
The ſweetneſs of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fixt, yet wide my paſſions rove;
Yet hindrances ſtrew all the way
I aim at thee, yet from thee ſtray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou haſt brought
My mind to ſeek her peace in thee!
Yet while I ſeek, but find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring ſoul ſhall ſee:
O when ſhall all my wand'rings end,
And all my ſteps to thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a thing beneath the ſun
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of ev'ry motion there!
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repoſe in thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love be all my choice.

HYMN LXXIII.

1 YE happy ſinners hear 326
The pris'ner of the Lord,
And wait, till Chriſt appear
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

2 The Lord our righteouſneſs
We have long ſince receiv'd;
Salvation nearer is
Than when we firſt believ'd;

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

3 In God we put our truſt;
If we our ſins confeſs,
Faithful he is and juſt,
From all unrighteouſneſs
To cleanſe us all, both you and me;
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory ſhall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And ſee redemption near;
Again I ſay rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

5 Who Jeſu's ſufferings ſhare,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye ſoon the wreath ſhall wear
On your triumphant brow;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

6 The word of God is ſure,
And never can remove,
We ſhall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our ſacrifice of praiſe,
Let us give thanks, and ſing,
And glory in his grace;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

HYMN LXXIV.

1 For ever here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and ſin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe, and keep me clean.

3 Waſh me, and make me thus thine own;
Waſh me, and mine thou art;
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to ſight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my ſoul be love.

HYMN LXXV.

1 Jesu, my life, thyſelf apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Confirm me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and ſin,
Still with thy rebel ſtrive:
Enter my ſoul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may riſe.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy ſway;
Diffuſe thine image through my ſoul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the laſt remains of ſin,
And ſeal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

HYMN LXXVI.

1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be!

2 Jeſu, ſee my panting breaſt:
See, I pant in thee to reſt!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanſe me now from ev'ry ſin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind;
Earthly paſſions far remove,
Swallow up our ſouls in love.

4 Duſt and aſhes though we be,
Full of guilt and miſery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchaſe of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See, ye ſinners, ſee the flame
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day!

7 Jeſu, when this light we ſee,
All our ſoul's athirſt for thee;
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
All our heart diſſolves in love.

3 Boundleſs wiſdom, pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine!
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heav'n.

HYMN LXXVII.

1 JESU, thou art our King,
To me thy ſuccour bring;
Chriſt, the Mighty One art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.

2 High on thy father's throne,
O look with pity down;
Help, O help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of Glory, Lord of all,
Chriſt, be Lord, be King to me.

3 I pant to feel thy ſway,
And only thee t' obey:
Thee my ſpirit gaſps to meet;
This my one, my ceaſeleſs pray'r,
Make, O make my heart thy ſeat!
O ſet up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and ſin controul,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe,
All ſubdue: through all my ſoul
Conqu'ring, and to conquer, go!

HYMN LXXVIII.

1 LORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promiſe true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my God,
Till I my ſtrength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile shew forth thy praise,
Jesu, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name;
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges ev'ry stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 For this in stedfast hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my soul restore;
Now the new heav'ns and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN LXXIX.

1 Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:

Take away our pow'r of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thy hoſts above,
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs let us be:
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation
Perfectly reſtor'd in thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe!

HYMN LXXX.

1 O THAT my load of ſin were gone!
O that I could at laſt ſubmit
At Jeſu's feet to lay it down!
To reſt my ſoul at Jeſu's feet!

2 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred ſin,
And fully ſet my ſpirit free;
I cannot reſt, till pure within,
Till I am wholly loſt in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and eaſy burden prove;
The croſs all ſtain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou muſt give the pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry ſin releaſe;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping ſinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN LXXXI.

1 LIGHT of life, ſeraphic fire,
Love divine, thyſelf impart!
Ev'ry fainting ſoul inſpire;
Shine in ev'ry drooping heart!
Ev'ry mournful ſinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom!
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious pow'r,
Rooting out the ſeeds of ſin:
Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing leſs:
Be thou all our heart's deſire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

HYMN LXXXII.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee, our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee, our bodies yield:

Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is, and juſt, and right,
That we ſhould be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join:
O that ev'ry work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art:
Holineſs unto the Lord
Still be wrote upon our heart!

HYMN LXXXIII.

1 LET him to whom we now belong
His ſov'reign right aſſert;
And take up ev'ry thankful ſong,
And ev'ry loving heart.

2 He juſtly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price!
The Chriſtian lives to Chriſt alone;
To Chriſt alone he dies.

3 Jeſus, thine own at laſt receive!
Fulfil our hearts' deſire!
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cauſe expire.

4 Our ſouls and bodies we reſign:
With joy we render thee
Our All no longer ours, but thine;
To all eternity.

HYMN LXXXIV.

1 BEHOLD the ſervant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy ev'ry word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;

Joyful from my own works to ceaſe,
Glad to fulfil all righteouſneſs.

2 Me if thy grace vouchſafe to uſe,
Meaneſt of all thy creatures, me,
Thee deed, the time, the manner chuſe,
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good deſign,
O'er-rule, or change, as ſeems thee meet;
Jeſu, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleaſing in thy Father's ſight;
Thou only haſt done all things right.

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave,
Mould as thou wilt thy paſſive clay;
But let me all thy ſtamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey,
Serve with a ſingle heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN LXXXV.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 If ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions ſanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy ſervice, claim
All I have, and all I am.

3 Take my ſoul and body's pow'rs;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or ſpeak, or do:
Take my heart; but make it new!

4 Now, O God, thy own I am!
Now I give thee back thy own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Conſecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier ſtill if thine I die!

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI.

1 JESU, my truth, my way,
My ſure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble ſteps I ſtay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wiſdom and my guide,
My counſellor thou art:
O never let me leave thy ſide,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to ſhame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cauſe,
But reſt in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy croſs.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

6 Still ſtir me up to ſtrive
With thee in ſtrength divine;
And ev'ry moment, Lord, revive
This fainting ſoul of mine.

7 Perſiſt to ſave my ſoul,
Throughout the fi'ry hour,
Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,
And ſhew forth all thy pow'r.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new ſong to ſing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm, and ſtabliſh me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witneſs live,
When ſin is all deſtroy'd;
And then my ſpotleſs ſoul receive,
And take me home to God.

HYMN LXXXVII.

1 LO! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My Potter, ſtamp on me thy clay,
Thy only ſtamp of love!
Be this my whole deſire,
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my ſoul a fire
Which ſhall for ever ſhine.

2 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert;
Thy image, love, thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart!
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my ſoul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear
That I have Chriſt put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters, come!
Jeſus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move:
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love!

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou, my hope, my joy, my reſt!
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine, by ſacred ties,
Thy Son, thy Servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even life itſelf, without thy love,
No laſting pleaſure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tireſome burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from thee, Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praiſe;
This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And ſpend the remnant of my days.

HYMN LXXXIX.

1 O THOU, to whoſe all-ſearching ſight
The darkneſs ſhineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burſt theſe bonds, and ſet it free!

2 Waſh out its ſtains, refine its droſs,
Nail my affections to the croſs!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darkſome wild I ſtray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When riſing floods my ſoul o'erflow,
When ſinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jeſu, thy timely aid impart,
And raiſe my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy ſteps I ſee,
Dauntleſs, untir'd I follow thee!
O let thy hand ſupport me ſtill,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My ſtrength proportion to my day:
Till toil, and grief, and pain ſhall ceaſe,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN XC.

1 JESU, thou everlaſting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept thy well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worſhip be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee:
Like the bleſt hour when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy pledge of love.

3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever ſtay!
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

HYMN XCI.

1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the courſe of thy love;
My boſom inſpire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole ſoul in the flames of deſire.

2 I languiſh and pine
For the comfort divine,
O when ſhall I ſay, my Beloved is mine!
I have choſe the good part,
My portion thou art,
O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart ſighs,
Nothing elſe can ſuffice;
How, Lord, can I purchaſe the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought,
And thou know'ſt I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice ſay,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay,

Who on Jeſus relies,
Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveneſs and holineſs buys.

5 The bleſſing is free,
So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love ſhould be given to me.
I freely receive
What thou freely doſt give,
And conſent in thy love, in thy Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praiſe,
And aſcribe my ſalvation to Jeſus's grace;
It came from above,
The foretaſte I prove,
And I ſoon ſhall receive all the fulneſs of love.

HYMN XCII.

1 And can I yet delay
My little All to give?
To tear my ſoul from earth away
For Jeſus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I ſink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!

2 Though late I all forſake,
My friends, my All reſign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And ſeal me ever thine!
Come, and poſſeſs me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle, and fix my wav'ring ſoul,
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one deſire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To ſeek and taſte no other bliſs,
No other good below.
My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-ſufficient art,
My hope, my heav'nly treaſure, now
Enter, and keep my heart!

HYMN XCIII.

1 THOU Shepherd of Iſrael, and mine,
The joy and deſire of my heart,
For cloſer communion I pine,
I long to reſide where thou art;
The paſture I languiſh to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd,
Are ſcreen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! ſhew me that happieſt place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where ſaints in an ecſtaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for a ſinner declare,
Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
My ſpirit to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to reſt,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN XCIV.

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And ſhew thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
And ſet me up on high;
From hell's oppreſſive pow'r
My ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;
And to thy Father's grace reſtore,
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteouſneſs
I make my only plea;
My preſent and eternal peace
Are both deriv'd from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come then, impute, impart
To me thy righteouſneſs,
And let me taſte how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace:
That thou can'ſt here forgive,
Grant me to teſtify,
And juſtified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

HYMN XCV.

1 BEING of Beings, God of Love,
To thee our hearts we raiſe:
Thy all-ſuſtaining power we prove,
And gladly ſing thy praiſe.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our ſacrifice receive:
Made, and preſerv'd, and ſav'd by Thee,
To Thee ourſelves we give.

3 Heav'n-ward our ev'ry wiſh aſpires;
For all thy mercy's ſtore,
The ſole return thy love requires,
Is that we aſk for more.

4 For more we aſk; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulneſs fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghoſt, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So ſhall we ever live and move,
And be with Chriſt in God.

HYMN XCVI.

1 O Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe
With healing in thy wing,
To my diſeas'd, my fainting ſoul,
Life and ſalvation bring.

2 Theſe clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thy all-piercing beam,
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,
From low deſires ſet free;
Unite my ſcatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-loſt ſon receive:
Saviour, thy purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

HYMN XCVII.

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life, thy influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tendereſt branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die,
Weak as helpleſs infancy;
O confirm my ſoul in thee.

3 Unſuſtain'd by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, ſave me to the end:
Give me the continuing grace;
Take the everlaſting praiſe.

HYMN XCVIII.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our ſouls depend,
In compaſſion now deſcend,
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

4 Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

5 Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up;
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope!

6 Grant that all may ſeek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind:
Heal the ſick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee!

HYMN XCIX.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jeſus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd:
Lord hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'r attend:
Come, and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirt of holineſs
On us deſcend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praiſes be,
Hence——evermore!
His ſov'reign Majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN C.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring,
I could for ever think and ſing:
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Aſk, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Tho' ſin and ſorrow wound my ſoul,
Jeſu, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To ſhame our ſins he bluſh'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to ſhew us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God ſuch love could ſhow.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I ſhed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Inſatiate to this ſpring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who againſt thy charms is proof!
Ah! who that loves can love enough!

HYMN CI.

1 How tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When Jeſus no longer I ſee!
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flow'rs,
Have all loſt their ſweetneſs with me:
The mid-ſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay:
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

2 His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I ſhould, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My All to his pleaſure reſign'd;
No changes of ſeaſon or place,
Would make any change in my mind
While bleſs'd with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace, a toy would appear;
And priſons would palaces prove,
If Jeſus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong;
Say, why do I languiſh and pine,
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul-cheering preſence reſtore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN CII.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raiſe mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleaſure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jeſus ſought me when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let thy goodneſs, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love——
Here's my heart, O take and ſeal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN CIII.

1 JESUS, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breaſt,
Hear, and fulfil thine own requeſt.

2 The few that truly call the Lord,
And wait thy ſanctifying word,
And thee their utmoſt Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind expreſs,
Stand forth thy choſen witneſſes:
Thy pow'r unto ſalvation ſhow,
And perfect holineſs below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Chriſtians liv'd in days of old
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 O might my lot be caſt with theſe,
The leaſt of Jeſu's witneſſes!
O that my Lord would count me meet
To waſh his dear diſciples feet!

6 This only thing do I require;
Thou know'ſt 'tis all my heart's deſire;
Freely what I receive to give,
The ſervant of thy church to live.

7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy ſaints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And ſerve the royal heirs of heav'n.

8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And aſk according to thy will;
Confirm the pray'r, the ſeal impart,
And ſpeak the anſwer to my heart.

9 Tell me, or thou ſhalt never go,
"Thy pray'r is heard; it ſhall be ſo;"
The word hath paſs'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN CIV.

1 EVER fainting with deſire,
For thee, O Chriſt, I call!
Thee I reſtleſsly require,
I want my God, my All.

Jeſu, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou ſuffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy ſanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkneſs from my ſoul remove?
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The ſecond gift impart;
With th' indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart;
If with love thy heart is ſtor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the ſinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off th' intail of ſin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I ſhall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treaſure be,
My portion here below!
Nothing would I ſeek but thee,
Thee only would I know:
My exceeding great reward,
My heav'n on earth, my heav'n above:
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliſs to feel
Of thoſe that are in thee;
Son of God, thyſelf reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heav'n be here ador'd,
And let me now the promiſe prove:
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN CV.

1 MY God! I know, I feel the mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is loſt in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till ſtedfaſtly by faith I ſtand,
And all thy goodneſs know.

3 Jeſu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then ſhall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 O that in me the ſacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the droſs of baſe deſire,
And make the mountain flow!

5 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my ſins conſume;
Come, Holy Ghoſt, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my ſoul;
Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
And ſanctify the whole.

7 Sorrow and ſin ſhall then expire,
While, enter'd into reſt,
I only live my God t' admire,
My God for ever bleſt.

8 My ſtedfaſt ſoul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Chriſt be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN CVI.

1 WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and deſire?
To follow the heav'nly Lamb,
And after his image aſpire.
My hope is all center'd in thee;
I truſt to recover thy love;
On earth thy ſalvation to ſee,
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirſt for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary dy'd;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which guſh'd from Immanuel's ſide!
I gaſp for the ſtream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally freſh from the throne.

HYMN CVII.

1 JESU, thy boundleſs love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my conſtant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my ſoul
May dwell but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love poſſeſs me whole!
My joy, my treaſure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy preſence flies;
Care, anguiſh, ſorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams ariſe:
O Jeſu, nothing may I ſee;
Nothing deſire or ſeek but thee!

4 Unweary'd may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire:
Hourly within my ſoul renew
This holy flame, this heav'nly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

5 O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never reſt,
Till ſweetly thou haſt breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breaſt!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one ſp'rit with thee.

6 Still let thy love point out my way:
How wond'rous things thy love hath wrought;
Still lead me, leſt I go aſtray;
Direct my word, inſpire my thought:
And, if I fall, ſoon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

7 In ſuff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my pow'r;
And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſu, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt dy'd!

HYMN CVIII.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And ſtamp me with thy Spirit's ſeal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Diſplay thy glory from above;
And all I am ſhall ſink and die,
Loſt in aſtoniſhment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpow'r me by thy grace:
I would be by myſelf abhorr'd:
All might, all majeſty, all praiſe,
All glory be to Chriſt my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height:
Now let me into nothing fall,
As leſs then nothing in thy ſight,
And feel that Chriſt is all in all!

HYMN CIX.

1 SAVIOUR of the ſin-ſick ſoul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finiſh thy great work of grace!
Cut it ſhort in righteouſneſs.

2 Speak the ſecond time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred ſin:
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove;
Caſt it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing leſs will I require,
Nothing more can I deſire:
None but Chriſt to me be giv'n!
None but Chriſt in earth or heav'n.

4 O that I might now decreaſe!
O that all I am might ceaſe!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN CX.

1 LORD, I believe a reſt remains
To all thy people known,
A reſt, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 A reſt, where all our ſoul's deſire
Is fixt on things above;
Where fear, and ſin, and grief expire,
Caſt out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the reſt might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r beſtow,
And let me ceaſe from ſin.

4 Remove this hardneſs from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the reſt of faith impart,
The ſabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'ſt I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, O my all-ſufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n;
Nothing beſide my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my ſoul deſcend;
No longer from thy creature ſtay,
My author, and my end.

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And ſeal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
Let all be loſt in God!

HYMN CXI.

1 O JOYFUL found of goſpel-grace,
Chriſt ſhall in me appear!
I, even I, ſhall ſee his face;
I ſhall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I ſoon ſhall ſeize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from Piſgah's top
I now exult to ſee;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He viſits now the houſe of clay;
He ſhakes his future home:
O would'ſt thou, Lord, on this glad day
Into thy temple come!

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot ſuffice,
Unleſs thou planteſt in my heart
A conſtant paradiſe.

6 My earth thou wat'reſt from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well! I ever cry,
Spring up within my ſoul.

7 Come, O my God, thyſelf reveal!
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canſt my ſpirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large deſires,
Large as infinity!
Give, give me all my ſoul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN CXII.

1 JESU hath dy'd that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in ſpirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unſpeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My ſoul breaks out in ſtrong deſire,
The perfect bliſs to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be diſſolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyſelf, from ev'ry boaſt,
From ev'ry wiſh ſet free;
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
But give thyſelf to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot ſuffice,
Unleſs thyſelf be giv'n:
Thy preſence makes my paradiſe,
And where thou art 'tis heav'n!

HYMN CXIII.

1 THOU great myſterious God unknown,
Whoſe love hath gently led me on,
Ev'n from my infant days,
Mine inmoſt ſoul expoſe to view,
And tell me if I never knew
The juſtifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with an heart ſincere,
Thy drawings from above;

Now, now the farther grace beſtow,
And let my ſprinkled conſcience know
Thy ſweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not ſtop,
A ſtranger to the goſpel hope,
The ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n:
I would not, Lord, my ſoul deceive,
Without thy inward witneſs live,
That antepaſt of heav'n.

4 If now the witneſs were in me,
Would he not teſtify of thee,
In Jeſus reconcil'd?
And ſhould I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba, Father, cry,
I know myſelf thy child?

5 Ah! never let thy ſervant reſt,
Till of my part in Chriſt poſſeſt,
I on thy mercy feed:
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obſtructs thy pardoning love,
Or ſin, or righteouſneſs remove,
Thy glory to diſplay;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now abſolve me from my ſins,
And take them all away.

HYMN CXIV.

O THAT I may walk with God,
Jeſus my companion be!
Lead me to thy bleſt abode,
Thro' the fire, or thro' the ſea.
Join'd to thee by humble love,
Nothing I deſire beſide,
Only let me never move,
Never ſtir without my guide.

HYMN CXV.

1 JESUS, the all-ſuſtaining word,
My fallen ſpirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeneſs, Lord,
O when ſhall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way!
Quicken my ſoul, inſtruct my heart,
My ſinking footſteps ſtay.

3 Of all thou haſt in earth below,
In heav'n above to give,
Give me thine only ſelf to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In myſtic union join
Me to thyſelf, and let me prove
The fellowſhip divine.

5 Open the intercourſe between
My longing ſoul and thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN CXVI.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys, and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

REJOICING.

HYMN CXVII.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known!
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround his throne:
Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But ſervants of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth ſurveys,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And calms the roaring ſeas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

3 There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

Yea, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN CXVIII.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celeſtial riſe;
Let all the ſaints terreſtrial ſing
With thoſe to glory gone;
For all the ſervants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the ſtream,
The narrow ſtream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his hoſt hath croſs'd the flood,
And part is croſſing now.

3 Ten thouſand to their endleſs home
This ſolemn moment fly:
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:

His militant, embodied hoſt,
With wiſhful looks we ſtand,
And long to ſee that happy coaſt,
And reach the heav'nly land.

4 Our old companions in diſtreſs
We haſte again to ſee,
And eager long for our releaſe
And full felicity.
Even now by faith we join our hands
With thoſe that went before,
And greet the blood-beſprinkled bands
On the eternal ſhore.

5 Our ſpirits too ſhall quickly join,
Like theirs, with glory crown'd,
And ſhout to ſee our Captain's ſign,
To hear his trumpet ſound.
O that we now might graſp our guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hoſts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heav'n:

HYMN CXIX.

He hath done all things well. MARK vii. 37.

1 Now, in a ſong of grateful praiſe,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raiſe;
With all his ſaints I'll join to tell
My Jeſus has done all things well.

2 All works his glorious pow'r confeſs,
His wiſdom all his works expreſs;
But, O his love, what tongue can tell!
My Jeſus has done all things well.

3 How ſov'reign, wonderful, and free
Has been THIS LOVE to ſinful me.

This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell—
My Jeſus has done all things well.

4 I ſpurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cauſe
To ſave me, though I did rebel!
My Jeſus has done all things well.

5 And ſince my ſoul has known his love,
What mercies hath he made me prove!
Mercies which do all praiſe excel;
My Jeſus has done all things well.

6 Tho' many a fiery flaming dart
The Tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel;
My Jeſus has done all things well.

7 Soon ſhall I paſs the veil of death,
And in his arms ſhall loſe my breath;
Yet then my happy ſoul ſhall tell
My Jeſus has done all things well.

8 And when to that bright world I riſe,
And join the anthems in the ſkies,
Above the reſt THIS NOTE ſhall ſwell,
My Jeſus has done all things well.

HYMN CXX.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The bleſſing of God's choſen race,
The wiſdom coming from above,
The faith that ſweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond deſcription he
Who knows the Saviour dy'd for me,
The gift unſpeakable obtains
And heav'nly underſtanding gains.

3 Wiſdom divine! Who tells the price
Of Wiſdom's coſtly merchandize?

Wiſdom to ſilver we prefer,
And gold is droſs, compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praiſe;
Riches of Chriſt, on all beſtow'd,
And honour, that deſcends from God.

5 To pureſt joys ſhe all invites,
Chaſte, holy, ſpiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wiſdom gains;
Thrice happy who his gueſt retains:
He owns, and ſhall for ever own,
Wiſdom, and Chriſt, and heav'n are one.

HYMN CXXI.

1 HAPPY the ſouls to Jeſus join'd,
And ſav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They ſing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praiſe,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holy'ſt leads;
From thence our ſpirits riſe:
And he that in thy ſtatutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the ſkies.

HYMN CXXII.

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus! tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heav'n,
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n
By which we can ſalvation have,
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the ſcorpion, ſin,
My poor expiring ſoul
The balmy ſound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he dy'd for me.

6 O, unexampled love!
O, all-redeeming grace!
How ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave a fallen race;

What ſhall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind haſt done!

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who dy'd for all!
For all my Lord was crucify'd!
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd!

8 To ſerve thy bleſſed will,
Thy dying love to praiſe,
Thy counſel to fulfil,
And miniſter thy grace;
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heav'n on earth to live.

HYMN CXXIII.

1 ARISE, my ſoul, ariſe,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding ſacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my ſurety ſtands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And ſprinkles now the throne of Grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They ſtrongly ſpeak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ranſom'd ſinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The preſence of his Son:
His ſpirit anſwers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd!
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

HYMN CXXIV.

1 MY God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine;
What a bleſſing to know that my Jeſus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the ſound of his name.

2 True pleaſures abound
In the rapturous ſound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradiſe found.
My Jeſus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlaſting, 'tis heaven below!

3 Yet onward I haſte
To the heavenly feaſt;
That, that is the fulneſs; but this is the taſte:
And this I ſhall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jeſus's love.

HYMN CXXV.

1 THY ceaſeleſs, unexhauſted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our miſery.

2 Thou waiteſt to be gracious ſtill;
Thou doſt with ſinners bear,
That ſav'd we may thy goodneſs feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodneſs and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry ſoul abound:
A vaſt, unfathomable ſea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its ſtreams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the ſtore;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:
A thouſand promiſes declare
Thy conſtancy of love!

6 Throughout the univerſe it reigns,
Unalterably ſure;
And while the truth of God remains,
This goodneſs muſt endure.

HYMN CXXVI.

HAIL, happy day, a day of holy reſt!
When ſaints aſſemble, and on dainties feaſt;
When all in ſmiles the God of grace deſcends,
Opens his ſtores, and entertains his friends.

2 Why, Lord, to man ſhouldſt thou ſuch favour ſhow,
Who ſhunn'd thine arms, and ſought thine overthrow?
Why? but becauſe thy tender bowels flow'd,
And matchleſs mercy is becoming God.

3 This made thee leave thy royal ſeat above,
And veil'd the God, to manifeſt his love;

Made thee in form of ſinful fleſh appear,
Thy creatures' rage and Father's wrath to bear.

4 A vile and cruel death this made thee die;
Thy precious blood was ſpilt my bliſs to buy;
Wrath to appeaſe, my furious foes controul,
And from eternal ruin ſave my ſoul.

5 Amazing ſtoop of majeſty divine!
Here love doth in its utmoſt luſtre ſhine;
O let it raiſe eſteem in mortals higher,
And my whole ſoul with holy rapture fire.

6 What heart the pow'rful influence can withſtand,
Or who refuſe to bow to Love's command?
I'm conquer'd, Lord, and willingly reſign
Myſelf to thee, to be for ever thine.

7 With every idol now I'll freely part,
And tear each rival paſſion from my heart;
I'll doom to death the ſins I lov'd before,
Tho' once I pierc'd—I'll grieve my God no more.

8 Thus I reſolve, but mine's a fickle heart;
To keep it firm, thy mighty aid impart;
Breathe on my ſoul, and holy love inſpire,
Help to perform, then what thou wilt require.

HYMN CXXVII.

1 LORD, in the ſtrength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myſelf, my reſidue of days,
I conſecrate to thee.

2 Thy ranſom'd ſervant, I
Reſtore to thee thy own:
And from this moment live or die
To ſerve my God alone.

HYMN CXXVIII.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain ſtore,
The time for ſuch trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy ground.

2 The ſouls that believe
In paradiſe live,
And me in that number will Jeſus receive:
My ſoul, don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Riſe, follow thy Saviour, and bleſs the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can beſtow,
What light, ſtrength, and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo! onward I move
To a country above,
None gueſſes how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great ſpoils I ſhall win,
From death, hell, and ſin,
'Midſt outward afflictions ſhall feel Chriſt within:
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
We two are ſo join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race
I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth till admitted to ſee my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may ſhare
Theſe bleſſings—to ſeek them will none of you dare?

In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here aſſures you free grace is ſo nigh?

HYMN CXXIX.

1 And muſt this body die,
This well wrought frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3 God my redeemer lives,
And ever from the ſkies
Looks down and watches o'er my duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And ev'ry ſhape and ev'ry face
Be heav'nly and divine.

5 Theſe lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love;
O may we bleſs thy grace below,
And ſing thy grace above!

6 Saviour, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſounds we raiſe
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXXX.

1 Far above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure-vaulted ſky,
Jeſus ſits, his love revealing
To the ſplendid troops on high.

Hoſt ſeraphic, humbly bowing,
At his footſtool proſtrate fall;
Saints and angels all avowing
God in Chriſt their all in all.

2 Could we leave our fooliſh dreaming
Of a fancy'd heav'n below,
And ſee Jeſu's glory beaming,
How our ſouls would long to go!
Earth by us would then be ſpurned,
All its vanities ſubſide;
Fuel, fitting to be burned,
Are its honours, pleaſure, pride.

3 From the general conflagration
We ſhall to its refuge fly,
Claſp the hope of our ſalvation,
Live in Chriſt, in Jeſus die.
We in him our reſt regaining,
All his bleſſedneſs ſhould prove;
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Perfected in ſpotleſs love.

4 We ſhould for his day be waiting,
When the full reward is giv'n;
When his glorious work completing,
Jeſus takes his church to heav'n.
Pure from ev'ry ſtain of nature,
Here in holineſs to ſhine;
Modell'd like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

HYMN CXXXI.

(SPOKEN EXTEMPORARY.)

1 Jesus! and ſhall it ever be,
A mortal man aſham'd of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
My ſoul ſhall ſcorn it more and more.

2 Aſham'd of Jeſus! ſooner far
Let ev'ning bluſh to own a ſtar:
Aſham'd of Jeſus! juſt as ſoon
Let morning bluſh to own the ſun.

3 Aſham'd of Jeſus! that dear friend,
On whom for heav'n my hopes depend;
No, if I bluſh, be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name!

4 Aſham'd of Jeſus! Yes I may,
When I've no ſin to waſh away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
Or no immortal ſoul to ſave.

5 Till then, nor is the boaſting vain,
Till then I'll boaſt a Saviour ſlain;
And, O, may this my portion be,
The Saviour not aſham'd of me!

HYMN CXXXII.

1 HE dies, the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
Jeſus, the dead, revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb:
(In vain the tomb forbids his riſe)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter, Death, in chains:
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"Where's thy ſting?
"And, where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave?"

HYMN CXXXIII.

1 THE deſpiſed Nazarene,
Who is chief in my eſteem;
Mark'd with ſcourges, nails, and ſpear,
Hung an enſign in the air.
None among the ſons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,
Can with my Belov'd compare,
Who to me is ever dear.

2 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He ſhould ever be my ſong;
Object of my preſent bliſs,
Subject of my future praiſe.
Raviſh'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree;
All his wounds and bruiſes are
To my ſoul exceeding fair.

3 Other lovers I deſpiſe;
Mine is gone beyond the ſkies:
Earthly things are far too mean
To divert me from the Lamb.
How, my Lord, ſhall I ſet forth
All thy dignity and worth?
Human words cannot expreſs
Half thy love and half thy praiſe.

4 From thy fulneſs me ſupply
Of thy grace to teſtify;

Let my fellow-creatures prove
What is taſted in thy love.
Soul and body ſink with ſhame,
While I Thee, my Saviour name!
Soul and body, Lord, ſet free
In the goſpel liberty.

HYMN CXXXIV.

FOR PILGRIMS.

1 YE happy Pilgrims come,
Your drooping ſpirits raiſe,
Our Jeſus ſoon will take us home
To ſing his endleſs praiſe.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
We are on our journey home.

2 Riſe, this is not our reſt,
Why ſeek it here in vain?
When ready for the marriage feaſt,
We there our reſt ſhall gain.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 We reſt from ſin below,
From ſuff'ring up on high,
If in the ways of grace we go
To glory in the ſky.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 As ſtrangers here we live,
Nor 'biding city find;
And all our hearts to Jeſus give,
And leave the world behind.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Thus ſaints in ancient days
A country ſought above,
And haſten'd there with ſongs of praiſe,
And hearts inflam'd with love.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 Their ſteps let us purſue,
And fight our paſſage through,
And always keep the prize in view
Till we arrive there too.
Hallelujah, &c.

7 The prize—behold how bright
It glitters through the ſky!
Haſte, pilgrims haſte, and run, and fight,
And ſeize the crown ſo nigh.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN CXXXV.

1 O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are ſung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'ſt the infant tongue
Thy boundleſs praiſe declare.

3 What's man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To him ſo wond'rous kind?

CHORUS.

To that great undivided Three,
One God, whom heav'n and earth adore,
As 'twas and is, all glory be,
Till time itſelf ſhall be no more. Hallelujah.

HYMN CXXXVI.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark deſpair,
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (Oh! amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CXXXVII.

1 VAIN, deluſive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good,
Only Jeſus I purſue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleaſures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

2 Other knowledge I diſdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Chriſt, the Lamb of God, was ſlain,
He taſted death for me!
Me to ſave from endleſs woe,
The ſin-atoning victim dy'd!
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

3 Here will I ſet up my reſt,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breaſt
Shall never more depart:
Whither ſhould a ſinner go?
His wounds for me ſtand open wide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleaſure without end;
This is all my happineſs,
On Jeſus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

5 O that I could all invite,
This ſaving truth to prove!
Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jeſu's love!
Fain I would to ſinners ſhow
The blood by faith alone apply'd;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

HYMN CXXXVIII.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrows bow the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath the proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourner reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our infant days,
And guides our gidy youth!
Holy and juſt are all thy ways,
And all thy works are truth.

4 Thou know'ſt the pains thy ſervants feel;
Thou hear'ſt thy children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
Thou ſav'ſt the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
And ſpread thy fame abroad:
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.

HYMN CXXXIX.

1 MY God the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning ſtar,
And thou my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
If Jeſus ſhews his mercy mine,
And whiſpers I am his.

4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way,
To ſee and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN CXL.

1 THY daily mercies, O my God,
My waking thoughts employ,
And while I meditate on thee,
My heart is fill'd with joy.

2 Thou giv'ſt me reſt upon my bed,
Soft ſlumber to my eyes;
Thy goodneſs is again renew'd
When in the morn I riſe.

3 Throughout the buſineſs of the day
Thine arm does me uphold,
Amidſt the terrors of the night
Thy preſence makes me bold.

4 Whether in ſickneſs or in health,
Thy grace doth me ſuſtain:
Let me, O Lord, thy favour have,
And I ſhall ne'er complain.

5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
The frowns of rich or great;
Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
Nor envy all their ſtate.

6 Although the fig-tree bloſſom not,
Nor vineyard yield increaſe,
In thee, my Saviour, and my God,
To joy I will not ceaſe.

7 Yea tho' the world by ſtorms be toſt
And crumbled into duſt,
Yet ſtill in thee, my only hope,
I will ſecurely truſt.

HYMN CXLI.

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, (a ſhining frame!)
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied ſun from day to day
Doth his Creator's pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
In Reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN CXLII.

1 THE voice of my Beloved ſounds,
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds,
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my ſoul with tranſport fills;
Gently doth he chide my ſtay,
"Riſe, my love, and come away."

2 The ſcatter'd clouds are fled at laſt,
The rain is gone, the winter paſt,
The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
The warbling choir enchant our ear;
Now, with ſweetly-penſive moan,
Cooes the turtle dove alone.

HYMN CXLIII.

1 HARK! how the Goſpel Trumpet ſounds,
Thro' all the earth the echo bounds!
And Jeſus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing ſinners back to God;
And guides them ſafely by his word!
To endleſs day.

2 Hail, all-victorious conqu'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for ſinful man,
And brought ſalvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endleſs day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring ſouls, fight on,
And when the conqueſt you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you ſhall bear,
And in his kingdom have a ſhare,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endleſs day.

4 There we ſhall in ſweet chorus join,
And ſaints and angels all combine
To ſing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move,
And this ſhall be our theme above,
In endleſs day.

HYMN CXLIV.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out ſtrong cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN CXLV.

1 JESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix'd my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment;
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief a burthen long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whoſe I am:
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN CXLVI.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us ſing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 We are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O, ye baniſh'd ſeed, be glad!
Chriſt our advocate is made;
Us to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of our land;
Jeſus Chriſt, our Father's Son,
Bids us undiſmay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

HYMN CXLVII.

1 WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Fooliſh hopes, and falſe alarms:

Now I ſee as clear as day
How thy follies paſs away.

2 Vain thy entertaining ſights,
False thy promiſes renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt love.

3 Fooliſh vanity——farewell——
More inconſtant than the wave,
Where thy ſoothing fancies dwell,
Pureſt tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jeſus Chriſt ſhall ſet me free.

4 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and ſubſtantial joys;
Joys that, never over-paſt,
Thro' eternity ſhall laſt.

HYMN CXLVIII.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning ſun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed
Amongſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhews his head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
Or what's my ſafety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars mine own;
Without thy graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore,
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN CXLIX.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my raviſh'd ſoul a taſte,
And makes me for ſome moments feaſt
With Jeſu's prieſts and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earneſt hope,
I ſtand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruits of paradiſe
In endleſs plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar ſmile,
With ev'ry bleſſing bleſt:
There dwells the Lord our Righteouſneſs,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlaſting reſt.

4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this ſide Jordan ſtop,
But now the land poſſeſs;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and ſins, and doubts and fears,
An howling wilderneſs.

5 Now, O my Joſhua, bring me in!
Caſt out thy foes, the inbred ſin,
The carnal mind remove,
The purchaſe of thy death divide:
And, oh! with all the ſanctify'd,
Give me a lot of love!

HYMN CL.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories ſhine,
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.
Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

2 Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.
But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms:

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace!
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright ſeraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

4 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Who ſweetly all agree
To ſave a world of ſinners loſt,
Eternal glory be.

PRAISE.

HYMN CLI.

1 O WHAT ſhall I do my Saviour to praiſe!
So faithful and true, ſo plenteous in grace!
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of Jeſus's grace.

3 Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name,
They ſhall, as their right, thy righteouſneſs claim;
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of God.

4 For thou art their boaſt, their glory, and pow'r;
And I alſo truſt to ſee the glad hour.
My ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead;
The day of ſalvation that lifts up my head.

5 For Jeſus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I truſt in his word, none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do:
My King and my Saviour ſhall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee the bliſs of thine own,
Thy ſecret to me ſhall ſoon be made known:
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs of all that believe.

HYMN CLII.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God; he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train:
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure!
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-ſight on the blind;
The Lord ſupports the fainting mind:
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widows and the fatherleſs,
And grants the priſ'ner ſweet releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN CLIII.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raiſe
Your hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames;
He counts their number, calls their names;
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds around the ſky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

4 He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn:
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, or warlike horſe?
The piercing wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight!
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear;
And looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN CLIV.

1 How do thy mercies close me round,
For ever be thy name ador'd!
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears be gone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

HYMN CLV.

1 Thou, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in pow'r:
Thee, let all in earth and skies
Continually adore!

Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, my clothes, and food,
And ev'ry comfort here,
Thee, my moſt indulgent God,
I thank with heart ſincere;
For the bleſſings numberleſs
Which thou haſt already giv'n,
For my ſmalleſt ſpark of grace,
And for my hope of heav'n.

3 Gracious God, my ſins forgive,
And thy good Sp'rit impart,
Then I ſhall in thee believe
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jeſus look,
Him in heav'nly glory ſee,
Who my cauſe hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace in anſwer to this prayer,
And ev'ry grace beſtow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below.
Rooted in humility,
Still in ev'ry ſtate reſign'd,
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

HYMN CLVI.

1 O God of all grace,
Thy goodneſs we praiſe,
Thy Son thou haſt given to die in our place:
With joy we approve
The deſign of thy love,
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-Man,
Which the angels deſire to look into in vain;
It dazzles our eyes,
Thought cannot ariſe
To find out a cauſe why the Infinite dies.

3 Or if pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what ſeraph can find?
He came from above
Our curſe to remove;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, becauſe he would love.

4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely,
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why:
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us ſo well,
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He hath ranſom'd our race,
O how ſhall we praiſe,
Or worthily ſing thy unſpeakable grace?
Nothing elſe will we know,
In our journey below,
But ſinging thy grace, to thy paradiſe go.

6 Nay, and when we remove
To the manſions above,
Our heaven ſhall ſtill be to ſing of thy love;
When time is no more,
We ſtill ſhall adore
The ocean of love, without bottom or ſhore.

7 Ere long we ſhall fly
To the regions on high,
For Iſrael's ſtrength cannot vary or lie:
He ſoon ſhall appear,
He more than draws near,
Our Jeſus is come, and eternity's here.

HYMN CLVII.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men!
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world, is thy command;
Vaſt as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock, thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN CLVIII.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praiſe,
In concert with the bleſt,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endleſs reſt.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We bleſt and pious grow,
By hymns of praiſe we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter ſcene
Of glory was diſplay'd
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This univerſe was made.

4 He riſes, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to ſpeak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem!

HYMN CLIX.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful ſound,
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praiſe, and pow'r,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praiſe the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound. *Glory, &c.*

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praiſe belongs;
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory, &c.*

HYMN CLX.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
In ſongs of praiſe divinely ſing;
The great ſalvation loud proclaim,
And ſhout for joy the Saviour's name:
In ev'ry land begin the ſong;
To ev'ry land the ſtrains belong;
In cheerful ſounds all voices raiſe,
And fill the world with loudeſt praiſe.

HYMN CLXI.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs,
With angels round the throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN CLXII.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whoſe glory fills the ſky:
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now preſume to ſing,
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all and numberleſs.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
Hail, the everlaſting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r, and God of love!

4 Chriſt our Lord and God we own;
Chriſt, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear the world's atonement thou:
Jeſu, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our ſins away.

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Juſtify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.

7 Hear, for thou, O Chriſt, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one;
One the Holy Ghoſt with thee,
One ſupreme, eternal Three.

HYMN CLXIII.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal quires
That fill the realms above;
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Sing to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Thro' the etherial blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

7 While monſters, ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

8 But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſp'ring thro' the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids ye grow;
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

10 Let the ſhrill birds his honours raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
While grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

11 Thus, while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals, take the ſound
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

HYMN CLXIV.

1 THE God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confeſt;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſt.

2 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right-hand:
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Thro' Jeſu's blood!

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his pow'r adore,
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN CLXV.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin to praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore;
Send down thy grace, O bleſſed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road;
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee the Lord my God.

4 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful ſong,
And entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.

HYMN CLXVI.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.
'Tis Jeſus, the Firſt and the Laſt,
Whoſe ſpirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

HYMN CLXVII.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jeſus ſpreads the ſacred feaſt
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And ſweeteſt glories ſhine;
There Jeſus ſays that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.

3 Here (ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhews his wounded ſide)
See here the ſpring of all your joys
That open'd when I dy'd!

4 He ſmiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain,
All this, ſays he, I bore for thee,
And then he ſmiles again.

5 What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.

6 Let ſuch amazing loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To him that waſh'd us in his blood
Be everlaſting praiſe,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

HYMN CLXVIII.

1 WHEN all the mercies of my God
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe?

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
While in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The pleaſing theme renew.

8 Thro' all eternity to Thee
A grateful ſong I'll raiſe;
But oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN CLXIX.

1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I ſee;
What ſhall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me.

2 Not more than others I deſerve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have food while others ſtarve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 While ſome poor wretches ſcarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And reſt upon my bed.

4 Are theſe thy favours day by day
To me above the reſt?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to ſerve thee beſt.

HYMN CLXX.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us, 1 SAM. vii. 12.

1 THO' ſtrait be the way, with dangers beſet,
And we thro' delay are no farther yet;
Our good guide and Saviour hath helped thus far,
And 'tis by his favour we are what we are.

2 What creatures beſide are favour'd like us;
Forgiv'n, ſupply'd, and banqueted thus,
By God our good Father, who gave us his Son,
And ſent him to gather his children in one?

3 My brethern, reflect on what we have been,
How God had reſpect to us when in ſin;
When lower and lower we every day fell,
He ſtretch'd forth his power, and ſnatch'd us from hell.

4 Then let us rejoice and cheerfully ſing
With heart and with voice to Jeſus our King;
Who thus far has brought us from evil to good,
The ranſom that bought us, no leſs than his blood!

5 For bleſſings like theſe, ſo bounteouſly giv'n,
For proſpects of peace, and foretaſtes of heav'n,
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleaſant to ſing and adore;
Be thankful for preſent, and then aſk for more.

HYMN CLXXI.

1 O THOU God of my ſalvation,
My Redeemer from all ſin,
Mov'd to this by great compaſſion,
Yearning bowels from within;
I will praiſe thee;
Where ſhall I thy praiſe begin?

2 While the angel-quires are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them would ſtill be vying
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the ſound of Jeſu's name!

3 Now I ſee, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing ſtreams aroſe,
Angel-minds are loſt to ponder
Dying Love's myſterious cauſe;
Yet the bleſſing
Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Tho' unſeen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath ſhown;
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour;
This he makes to mortals known;
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy ſong:
Hallelujah,
Love and praiſe to Chriſt belong.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

HYMN CLXXII.

PART THE FIRST.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his ſure truſt and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands;
Who points the clouds their courſe,
Whom winds and ſeas obey,
He ſhall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He ſha lprepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So ſafe ſhalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done:
No profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming care,
To him commend thy cauſe, his ear
Attends the ſofteſt pray'r.

3 Thine everlaſting truth,
Father, thy ceaſeleſs love,
Sees all thy childrens' wants, and knows
What beſt for each will prove;
And whatſoe'er thou will'ſt
Thou doſt, O King of kings;
What thine unerring wiſdom choſe,
Thy pow'r to being brings.

4 Thou ev'ry where haſt way,
And all things ſerve thy might,
Thy ev'ry act, pure bleſſing is,
Thy path unſully'd light:
When thou ariſeſt, Lord,
What ſhall thy work withſtand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'ſt,
Who, who ſhall ſtay thine hand?

HYMN CLXXIII.

PART THE SECOND.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undiſmay'd,
God hears thy ſighs, and counts thy tears,
God ſhall lift up thy head;
Thro' waves, and clouds, and ſtorms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time, ſo ſhall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still ſink thy ſpirits down;
Caſt off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone;
What tho' thou ruleſt not,
Yet heav'n and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God ſitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his ſov'reign ſway
To chooſe and to command,
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wiſe, how ſtrong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs fear.

4 Thou ſeeſt our weakneſs, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the ſinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:
Let us in life, in death,
Thy ſtedfaſt truth declare,
And publiſh, with our lateſt breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN CLXXIV.

1 God of my life, whoſe gracious pow'r
Thro' various deaths my ſoul hath led,
Or turn'd aſide the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my ſinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I ſee;
Aſſiſt me ſtill my courſe to run,
And ſtill direct my paths to thee;

3 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, haſt lifted up my head;
Sudden I found thee near to ſave;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

4 Whither, O whither ſhould I fly!
But to my loving Saviour's breaſt;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And ſafe beneath thy wings to reſt?

5 I have no ſkill the ſnare to ſhun,
But thou, O Chriſt! my wiſdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

6 Fooliſh, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.

7 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever ſtay;
The crooked then ſhall ſtraight become;
The darkneſs ſhall be loſt in day!

HYMN CLXXV.

JEHOVAH-JIREH, *i. e. The* LORD *will provide*, GEN. xxii. 14.

1 THO' troubles aſſail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends ſhould all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing ſecures us, whatever betide,
The promiſe aſſures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn and ſtorehouſe are fed;
From them let us learn to truſt for our bread:
His ſaints what is fitting ſhall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ſhips, by tempeſt be toſt
On perilous deeps, but need not be loſt;
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet ſcripture engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are ſtrangers, we have a ſure guide,
And truſt in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to ſtop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
The heart-cheering promiſe, The Lord will provide

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we ſeek, we ne'er ſhall obtain;
But when ſuch ſuggeſtions our graces have try'd,
This anſwers all queſtions, The Lord will provide.

7 No ſtrength of our own, nor goodneſs we claim,
Our truſt is all thrown on Jeſus's name,
In this our ſtrong tower for ſafety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, The Lord will provide.

8 When life ſinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace ſhall comfort us through,
Not fearing, or doubting, with Chriſt on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting, The Lord will provide.

HYMN CLXXVI.

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN CLXXVII.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear,
Fear ſhall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightneſs of his face:
But ſhall I therefore let him go,
And baſely to the Tempter yield?
No—in the ſtrength of Jeſus, no,
I never will give up my ſhield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty ſtall no herd afford,
And periſh all the bleeting race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my ſalvation praiſe.

3 Barren although my ſoul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil or pain,
But ſin, and only ſin is here;
Although my gifts and comforts loſt,
My blooming hopes cut off I ſee,
Yet will I in my Saviour truſt,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In hope believing againſt hope,
Jeſus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jeſus, my ſtrength, ſhall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jeſu's name:
To me he ſoon ſhall bring it nigh,
My ſoul ſhall then out-ſtrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

1 IF to Jeſus for relief
My ſoul has fled by pray'r;
Why ſhould I give way to grief,
Or heart-conſuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promiſe paſt?
Will he then regardleſs ſtand,
And let me ſink at laſt?

2 While I know his providence
Diſpoſes each event,
Shall I judge by feeble ſenſe,
And yield to diſcontent?
If he worms and ſparrows feed,
Clothe the graſs in rich array;
Can he ſee a child in need,
And turn his eyes away?

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And ſin my life employ'd,
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been deſtroy'd:
Now his mercy-ſeat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd;
Would he ſpare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants ſupply'd
When I diſdain'd to pray;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he ſay me nay;
If he would not give me up
When my ſoul againſt him fought,
Will he diſappoint the hope
Which he himſelf has wrought?

5 If he ſhed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withhold?
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope reſts well aſſur'd,
In that great redemption-price
I ſee the whole ſecur'd.

HYMN CLXXIX.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN CLXXX.

1 STILL for thy loving-kindneſs, Lord,
I in thy temple wait:
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I ſtand before thy face,
And hear thee ſay, "Be ſtill!"

3 "Be ſtill, and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And ſpread its praiſe below.

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve:
The veil of outward things paſs through,
And gaſp in thee to live.

5 I work and own the labour vain:
And thus from works I ceaſe:
I ſtrive and ſee my fruitleſs pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitleſs, till thou thyſelf impart,
Muſt all my efforts prove:
They cannot change a ſinful heart,
They cannot purchaſe love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the ſtrife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole reſign,
And truſt in means no more.

8 I truſt in him who ſtands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jeſu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee.

HYMN CLXXXI.

PART THE FIRST.

1 SOLDIERS of Chriſt, ariſe,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the ſtrength which God ſupplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hoſts,
And in his mighty pow'r,
Who in the Strength of Jeſus truſts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his ſtrength endu'd,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts paſt,
Ye may o'ercome through Chriſt alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.

3 Stand then againſt your foes,
In cloſe and firm array,
Legions of wily fiends oppoſe
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the ſons of night,
But mock their vain deſign,
Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
Of righteouſneſs divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakneſs of the ſoul;
Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indiſſolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourſelves with all the mind,
That was in Chriſt your Head.

HYMN CLXXXII.

PART THE SECOND.

1 But above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious ſhield,
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
You're ſure to win the field;
If faith ſurround your heart,
Satan ſhall be ſubdued;
Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jeſu's blood.

2 Jeſus hath died for you!
What can his love withſtand?
Believe! hold faſt your ſhield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jeſus reigns,
All power to him is giv'n;
Believe, till freed from ſin's remains,
Believe yourſelves to heav'n.

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with conſtant care;
Still walking in your Captain's ſight,
And watching unto pray'r.
Ready for all alarms,
Stedfaſtly ſet your face;
And always exerciſe your arms,
And uſe your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceaſing pray,
(Your Captain gives the word)
His ſummons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
Inſtant in pray'r diſplay;
Pray, always pray and never faint;
Pray, without ceaſing pray.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all theſe things ſhall be added, LUKE xii. 31.

1 PEACE, troubled ſoul, thou need'ſt not fear,
Thy great Provider ſtill is near;
Who fed thee laſt, will feed thee ſtill,
Be calm, and ſink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and ſky,
In mercy ſtoops to hear thy cry;
His promiſe all may freely claim,
"Aſk, and receive in Jeſu's name."

3 His ſtores are open all and free
To ſuch as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things elſe which he ſees good.

4 Your ſacred hairs which are ſo ſmall,
By God himſelf are number'd all:
This truth he's publiſh'd all abroad,
That men may learn to truſt the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And ſends them food as they have need,
Altho' they nothing have in ſtore,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not ſeek with anxious care,
What ye ſhall eat, or drink, or wear:
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all theſe things you need.

7 Without reſerve, give Chriſt your heart;
Let him his righteouſneſs impart;
Then all things elſe he'll freely give,
With him you all things ſhall receive.

8 Thus ſhall the ſoul be truly bleſt
That ſeeks in God his only reſt;
May I that happy perſon be,
In time, and in eternity!

SUFFERING.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

1 Come on, my partners in diſtreſs,
My comrades through the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celeſtial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The ſaints' ſecure abode:
On faith's ſtrong eagle-pinions riſe,
And force your paſſage to the ſkies,
And ſcale the mount of God.

3 Who ſuffer with your maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down:

To patient faith the prize is ſure,
And all that to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

4 Thrice-bleſſed bliſs, inſpiring hope;
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up;
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt;
And you and I aſcend at laſt,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great myſterious Deity
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee;
The beatific ſight
Shall fill heav'n's ſounding courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light.

6 The Father ſhining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and ſeven,
Conſpire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And ſilence heightens heav'n.

7 In hope of that ecſtatic pauſe,
Jeſu, we now ſuſtain thy croſs,
And at thy footſtool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our raviſh'd ſpirits fill,
And God is all in all.

HYMN CLXXXV.

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
According to his word;

Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in diſtreſſes paſt
Will not now his ſervant leave,
But bring me through at laſt.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft haſt prov'd;
Oft obſerv'd my ſilent tears,
And challeng'd thy belov'd:
Mercy to my reſcue flew,
And death ungraſp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And ſorrow fled away.

3 Now as yeſterday the ſame,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jeſus, on thy word and name
I ſtedfaſtly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I ſoon ſhall have;
Sav'd again, to ſinners tell
Thy pow'r and will to ſave.

4 To thy bleſſed will reſign'd,
And ſtay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect ſtrength ſhall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compaſs'd round with ſongs of praiſe,
My All to my Redeemer give,
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And for thy glory live.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

1 FATHER, in thy name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love,
Humbly aſk, that as my day
My ſuff'ring ſtrength may prove:
When my ſorrows moſt increaſe,
Let thy ſtrongeſt joys be giv'n;
Jeſu, come with my diſtreſs,
And agony is heav'n.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
For good remember me!
Me, whom thou haſt caus'd to truſt
For more than life on thee:
With me in the fire remain,
Till like burniſh'd gold I ſhine.
Meet through conſecrated pain,
To ſee thy face divine.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirſty ſoul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeneſs ſhine!

2 With fraudleſs, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I ſee;
In love be ev'ry wiſh reſign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak fleſh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breaſt;
When grief my wounded ſoul aſſails,
In lowly meekneſs may I reſt.

4 Cloſe by thy ſide ſtill may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With ſtedfaſt eye mark ev'ry ſtep,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight haſt won;
Alone thou haſt the wine-preſs trod:
In me thy ſtrength'ning grace be ſhown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So when on Sion thou ſhalt ſtand,
And all heav'n's hoſt adore their king,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories ſing.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
That only bliſs for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breaſt.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain:
I ſuffer on my threeſcore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jeſus brought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of paradiſe:
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there!
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

1 HAPPY ſoul, thy days are ended;
All thy mourning days below;
Go by angel-guards attended,
To the ſight of Jeſus go.

2 Waiting to receive thy ſpirit,
Lo! the Saviour ſtands above,
Shews the purchaſe of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy lateſt paſſion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breaſt,
To his uttermoſt ſalvation,
To his everlaſting reſt.

4 For the joy he ſets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN CXC.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee,
Till thou appear
Thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bleſt anticipation;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing through the fire,
Thy love we praiſe,
Which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine,
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou doſt conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world with ſin and Satan,
In vain our march oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall
Break thro' them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

4 By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us,
The croſs deſpiſe
For that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand
At God's right-hand,
To take us up to heaven.

HYMN CXCI.

LORD, I adore thy gracious will,
Thro' ev'ry inſtrument of ill
My Father's goodneſs ſee:
Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shemei's hand and Shemei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee.

HYMN CXCII.

1 JESU, the weary wand'rer's reſt,
Give me thy eaſy yoke to bear;
With ſtedfaſt patience arm my breaſt,
With ſpotleſs love, and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy ſkill,
Tho' bitter to the taſte it be,
Pow'rful the wounded ſoul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So ſhall each murm'ring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care ſhall fly
As clouds before the mid-day ſun.

4 Speak to my warring paſſions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be ſtill;"
Thy pow'r my ſtrength and fortreſs is,
For all things ſerve thy ſov'reign will.

5 O death! where is thy ſting? where now
Thy boaſted victory, O grave?
Who ſhall contend with God? or who
Can hurt, whom God delights to ſave?

HYMN CXCIII.

1 WHY ſhould I doubt his love at laſt,
With anxious thoughts perplext?
Who ſav'd me in the troubles paſt,
Will ſave me in the next.

2 Will ſave, till at my lateſt hour
With more than conqueſt bleſt,
I ſoar beyond temptation's pow'r,
To my Redeemer's breaſt.

FUNERAL.

HYMN CXCIV.

1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
What ſight upon earth is ſo fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How eaſy the ſoul that has left
This wearifome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henc forward, or ſhame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

4 This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immovable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

5 The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no ſupplies;
Theſe hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

6 To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb!

HYMN CXCV.

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loſs is his infinite gain;
A ſoul out of priſon releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With ſongs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his ſpirit above,
Eſcap'd to the manſions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempeſt and wind;
His reſt he hath ſooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind;
Still toſs'd on a ſea of diſtreſs,
Hard toiling to make the bleſt ſhore,
Where all is aſſurance and peace,
And ſorrow and ſin are no more.

3 There all the ſhip's company meet,
Who ſail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With ſhouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is paſt,
The age, that in heaven they ſpend,
For ever and ever ſhall laſt.

HYMN CXCVI.

1 'Tis finiſh'd, tis done!
The ſpirit is fled,
The priſ'ner is gone,
The Chriſtian is dead;
The Chriſtian is living
Thro' Jeſus's love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe
Are Jeſus's due:
Supported by grace,
He fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious,
Through Jeſus's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er death, ſin, and hell.

3 Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord
With ſhouting proclaim:
Who truſt in his paſſion,
And follow our Head,
To certain ſalvation
We all ſhall be led.

4 O Jeſus! lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteouſneſs there;
Where dazzled with glory
The Seraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee
In ſilence of praiſe.

5 Come, Lord, and diſplay
Thy ſign in the ſky,
And bear us away
To manſions on high:
The kingdom be given,
The purchaſe divine,
And crown us in heaven
Eternally thine.

HYMN CXCVII.

1 HOSANNAH to Jeſus on high!
Another is enter'd the reſt,
Another is 'ſcap'd to the ſky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breaſt:
The ſoul of our ſiſter is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jeſus's throne,
And claſp'd in the arms of his love.

2 What fulneſs of rapture is there,
While Jeſus his glory diſplays,
And purples the heavenly air,
And ſcatters the odours of grace?
He looks—and his ſervants in light
The bleſſing ineffable meet;
He ſmiles—and they faint at the ſight,
And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

3 How happy the angels that fall
Tranſported at Jeſus's name;
The ſaints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call,
To ſhare in the feaſt of the Lamb!
No longer impriſon'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon ſhall fly,
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away—
My merciful God—Is it I?

4 O Jeſus, if this be thy will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy counſel of mercy reveal,
And whiſper the call to my heart;
O give me a ſignal to know,
If ſoon thou wouldſt have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN CXCVIII.

1 HAPPY who in Jeſus live,
But happier ſtill are they
Who to God their ſpirits give,
And 'ſcape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'ſt the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'ſt the praying ſigh,
O 'tis better to depart;
'Tis better far to die.

2 Yet if ſo thy will ordain
For our companions' good,
Let us in the fleſh remain,
And meekly bear the load.
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our works have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And ſharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wiſe and gracious will
We quietly ſubmit,
Waiting for redemption ſtill,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the bleſſing give,
Call us up thy face to ſee,
Only let thy ſervants live,
And let us die to thee.

FOR PERSONS JOINED IN FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN CXCIX.

1 SEE, Jeſu, thy diſciples ſee,
The promis'd bleſſing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd:
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midſt to find.

3 With us thou art aſſembled here,
But O thyſelf reveal!
Son of the living God appear,
Let us thy preſence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And theſe dry bones ſhall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and ſay,
"The Holy Ghoſt receive!"

5 Whom now we ſeek, O may we meet,
Jeſus the crucify'd!
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us haſt dy'd!

6 Cauſe us the record to receive,
Speak, and the token ſhew;
"Oh! be not faithleſs, but believe
"In me, who dy'd for you!"

HYMN CC.

1 Two are better far than one
For counſel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or ſerve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands,
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whoſe ſpirits droop,
To him who falls alone;
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakneſs on;
Happier we each other keep,
We each other's burdens bear;
Never need our footſteps ſlip,
Upheld by mutual pray'r.

3 Who of twain has made us one,
Maintain our unity;
Jeſus is the corner-ſtone,
In whom we all agree:
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind;
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowſhip of ſaints,
Find ſupply'd in Jeſu's love,
What every member wants.

Graſp we our high calling's prize;
Feel our ſins on earth forgiv'n!
Riſe, in his whole image riſe,
And meet our Head in heav'n!

HYMN CCI.

1 COME away to the ſkies,
My beloved, ariſe,
And rejoice in the day thou waſt born;
On this feſtival day
Come exulting away,
And with ſinging to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treaſure above,
Tho' our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with ſinging to paradiſe go.

3 With ſinging we praiſe
The original grace
By our heavenly Father beſtow'd:
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are
Created to ſhare
Both the nature and kingdom divine:
Created again,
That our ſouls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The deſign of thy love,
Which has join'd us in Jeſus's name;

So united in heart
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feaſt of the Lamb.

6 There, there, at his feet
We ſhall ſuddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We ſhall ſing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we ſing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praiſes repeat:
To the Lamb that was ſlain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

8 In aſſurance of hope
We to Jeſus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we ſhall ſee,
And cry out, "It is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN CCII.

1 COME all, whoe'er have ſet
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jeſus let us meet,
And praiſe our common Lord;
In Jeſus let us ſtill go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer ſtill
We to our country come,
To that celeſtial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New Jeruſalem above,
The ſeat of everlaſting love.

3 The ranſom'd ſons of God,
All earthly things we ſcorn,
And to our high abode
With ſongs of praiſe return;
From ſtrength to ſtrength we ſtill proceed
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeem'd from ſin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's houſe repair,
To meet our Elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our All in all is he;
And in his ſteps who tread,
We ſoon his face ſhall ſee;
Shall ſee him with our glorious friends,
And then in heav'n our journey ends.

HYMN CCIII.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey purſue,
With vigour ariſe,
And preſs to our permanent place in the ſkies:
Of heavenly birth,
Tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But ſtrangers and pilgrims ourſelves we confeſs.

2 At Jeſus's call
We gave up our all:
And ſtill we forego,
For Jeſus's ſake, our enjoyments below:
No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And ſtill we are ſeeking a country above.

3 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treaſure already are there.
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way,
The ſhorter our ſtay;
The tempeſts that riſe
Shall glorioufly hurry our ſouls to the ſkies:
The fiercer the blaſt,
The ſooner 'tis paſt:
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our reſcue, and haſten us home.

HYMN CCIV.

1 COME, let us aſcend.
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jeſus confide,
We are bold to outride
The ſtorm of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we ſoar
To the heavenly ſhore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace
The whole heavenly company ſing?

5 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join?
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM;
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleaſure he leads:
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the ſight of his face,
Our beatify'd ſpirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name:
Our bodies his glory diſplay:
A day without night
We feaſt in his ſight,
And eternity ſeems as a day!

HYMN CCV.

1 JESU, great Shepherd of the ſheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in ſafety keep!
For O the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes of helliſh malice full,
To ſcatter, tear, and ſlay:
He ſeizes every ſtraggling ſoul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm!
Unleſs the fold we firſt forſake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to ſcorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's ſide:
The ſheep he never can devour,
Unleſs he firſt divide.

5 O do not ſuffer him to part
The ſouls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us ſweetly live!
Together let us die!
And each a ſtarry crown receive,
And reign above the ſky.

HYMN CCVI.

1 TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of ev'ry ſinful heart;
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou haſt made us free indeed,
And ſpotleſs here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the ſanctify'd.

HYMN CCVII.

1 JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we ſeek thy face,
And now our pray'r is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine eaſy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one ſpirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And ſweetly ſpeak the ſame.

4 Touch'd by the loadſtone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inſeparably join'd
Let all our ſpirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectneſs,
Thy ſpotleſs charity;
O let us ſtill, we pray, poſſeſs
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Inſenſibly remove;
Our ſouls their change ſhall ſcarcely know,
Made perfect firſt in love.

8 With eaſe our ſouls thro' death ſhall glide
Into their paradiſe;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant thro' the ſkies.

9 Yet when the fulleſt joy is giv'n,
The ſame delight we prove,
In earth, in paradiſe, in heav'n,
Our All in All is love.

HYMN CCVIII.

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his ſpeaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son;
Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace,
And ſend the Promiſe down.

2 True and faithful Witneſs, thou,
O Chriſt, the Spirit give!
Haſt thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit ſhed
In ev'ry waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
The gift of Jeſus come:
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And ſwells to make thee room;
Preſent with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN CCIX.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and ſpread thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love expreſs,
All the heights of holineſs!

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN CCX.

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We ſeek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy Providence t' obey,
Enter into thy wiſe deſign,
And ſweetly loſe our will in thine.

2 Why haſt thou caſt our lot
In the ſame age and place?
And why together brought
To ſee each other's face;
To join with ſofteſt ſympathy,
And mix our friendly ſouls in thee?

3 Didſt thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain,
Till all thy utmoſt goodneſs prove,
And riſe renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didſt unite
Our kindred ſpirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The bleſſed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our paſſage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the ſtarry crown.

6 O may thy ſpirit ſeal
Our ſouls unto that day!
With all thy fulneſs fill,
And then tranſport away!
Away to our eternal reſt,
Away to our Redeemer's breaſt!

HYMN CCXI.

PART THE FIRST.

1 COME, and let us ſweetly join,
Chriſt to praiſe in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord,
Hands, and hearts, and voices raiſe,
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feaſt of love.

2 Strive we in affection ſtrive:
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Sav'd with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jeſu's name,
Now as yeſterday the ſame;
One in ev'ry time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Chriſt our Maſter ſtand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our Dying Lord confeſs;
We are Jeſu's witneſſes.

4 Witneſſes that Chriſt hath dy'd;
We with him are crucify'd:
Chriſt hath burſt the hands of death;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe;
Chriſt is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wiſhes fly:
Sits at God's right-hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN CCXII.

PART THE SECOND.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord;
Lowly, meek, incarnate word;
Humbly ſtoop to earth again;
Come, and viſit abject man!
Jeſu, dear expected gueſt,
Thou art bidden to the feaſt:
For thyſelf our hearts prepare!
Come, and ſit, and banquet there.

2 Jeſu, we thy promiſe claim;
We are met in thy great name;
In the midſt do thou appear,
Manifeſt thy preſence here;
Sanctify us, Lord, and bleſs,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyſelf within us move;
Make our feaſt a feaſt of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let in us thy bowels ſound;
Faith, and love, and joy increaſe;
Temperance and gentleneſs;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light;
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb:
Let us lean upon thy breaſt!
Love be there our endleſs feaſt!

HYMN CCXIII.

1 COME let us uſe the grace divine,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourſelves to Chriſt the Lord.

2 Give up ourſelves, thro' Jeſu's pow'r,
His name to glorify,
And promiſe in this ſacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forſake,
Or caſt his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our ſolemn vow:
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Let all our hearts receive!
Preſent with the celeſtial hoſt,
The peaceful anſwer give!

6 To each the cov'nant-blood apply,
Which takes our ſins away;
And regiſter our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN CCXIV.

ON ADMITTING A NEW MEMBER.

1 BROTHER in Chriſt, and well-belov'd,
To Jeſus and his ſervants dear,
Enter, and ſhew thyſelf approv'd;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from ſin,
By fiends purſu'd, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And ſhare the portion of thy Lord.

3 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right-hand
Of fellowſhip to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we ſtand,
And thee in Jeſu's name receive.

4 Say, is thy heart reſolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with ſacred love;
Then let it taſte the heav'nly pow'rs;
Partaker of the joys above.

5 Jeſu, attend, thyſelf reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midſt we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the ſpreading flame.

6 Thou God, that anſwereſt by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure deſire
Riſe from the altar of our heart.

7 Truly our fellowſhip below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliſs.

8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above,
And I ſhall then behold thee near,
And I ſhall all be loſt in love.

HYMN CCXV.

ON VISITING A FRIEND.

1 PEACE be on this houſe beſtow'd,
Peace on all that here reſide;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide,

Let the Spirit now come down;
Let the bleſſing now take place:
Son of Peace, receive thy crown,
Fulneſs of the goſpel-grace.

2 Chriſt, my Maſter and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word,
Viſit them, and viſit me!
To this houſe, and all herein
Now let thy ſalvation come!
Save our ſouls from inbred ſin:
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never reſt,
Till the promiſe is fulfill'd;
Till we are of thee poſſeſt,
Pardon'd, ſanctify'd, and ſeal'd!
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam loſt,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

HYMN CCXVI.

PARTING.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one ſpirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And ſhew his praiſe below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

HYMN CCXVII.

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assign'd:
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heav'n about us still.

3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And arm'd with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heav'nly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.

We ſhall with all our brethren riſe,
And graſp thee in the flaming ſkies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heav'ns ſhall paſs away;
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we ſhall view and heav'n deſtroy'd,
And ſhout above the fiery void!

6 Then let us wait the ſound
That ſhall our ſouls releaſe,
And labour to be found
Of him in ſpotleſs peace;
In perfect holineſs renew'd,
Adorn'd with Chriſt, and meet for God!

STRIFE IN HEAVEN.

HYMN CCXVIII.

1 IN Heaven's courts a queſtion roſe,
Which caus'd a ſtrife that ne'er ſhall cloſe;
Which rank of all this ranſom'd race,
Owes higheſt praiſe to ſov'reign grace?

2 Infants here caught from womb and breaſt,
Claim right to ſing above the reſt;
As finding ſoon the happy ſhore
They never ſaw nor ſought before.

3 Others, arriv'd at riper age,
Before they left the earthly ſtage,
Think grace deſerves yet higher praiſe,
That waſh'd the ſpots of num'rous days.

4 "'Tis I, ſays one, 'bove all my race,
Am debtor moſt to glorious grace;
The chief of ſinners, you'll allow,
Should be the chief of ſingers now."

5 A ſecond cries, "The claim forbear,
Lo! I'm the greateſt wonder here;
For I, of all the race that fell,
Deſerve the loweſt place in hell!"

6 Another riſes by his ſide,
As fond to praiſe, and free of pride,
Cries, "All give place, for I defy
You all ſhould owe ſuch thanks as I."

7 What, will no rival finger yield
He hath an equal in the field?
Come then, and let us all agree
To praiſe upon the higheſt key.

A DIALOGUE.

HYMN CCXIX.

MEN.

TELL us, O women, we would know
Whither ſo faſt ye move!

WOMEN.

We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are ſeeking one above.

MEN.

Whence come ye, ſay, and what the place
That ye are trav'lling from?

WOMEN.

From tribulation—we, through grace,
Are now returning home.

MEN.

Is not your native dwelling here!
Like you not this abode?

WOMEN.

We ſeek a better country far,
A city built by God.

MEN.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliſs to reſt;

WOMEN.

Nor we, till in the ſinner's Friend
Our weary ſouls are bleſt.

CHORUS.

Friends of the Bridegroom we ſhall reign;
Saviour, we aſk no more:
Hail! Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore.

BIRTH-DAY.

HYMN CCXX.

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful ſoul I raiſe;
Thy goodneſs bade me be,
And ſtill prolongs my days:
I ſee my natal hour return,
And bleſs the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my bleſſings came:
Creating and preſerving grace
Let all that is within me praiſe.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praiſes give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My ſoul and all its pow'rs,
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be;
All, all my happy hours
I conſecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now reſtore,
And I ſhall praiſe thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heav'n;
In Chriſt a creature new,
Eternally forgiv'n:
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All ſanctify'd by ſinleſs love.

6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with pow'r,
Receive thy favour'd ſon
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moſes to thyſelf convey,
And kiſs my raptur'd ſoul away.

HYMN CCXXI.

1 AWAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of ſalvation was born?
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with ſinging return.

2 Thee, Jeſus, alone,
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully ſing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his ſigns in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my ſtate and condition below:

If of parents I came
Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wiſdom appointed it ſo.

4 I ſing of thy grace
From my earlieſt days,
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou haſt been
My preſerver from ſin,
And I truſt thou wilt ſave to the end.

5 O the infinite cares
And temptations and ſnares
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the bleſſings beſtow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliſs,
How unſpeakable happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodneſs of God
In employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raiſe!
His ſtandard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unſpeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomleſs love,
That has deign'd to approve
And proſper the work of my hands!
With my paſtoral crook
I went over the brook,
And, behold! I am ſpread into bands!

9 Who? I aſk in amaze,
Hath begotten me theſe!
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the ſkies,
And give glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praiſe
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return!
The buſineſs purſue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this,
To adminiſter bliſs
And ſalvation in Jeſus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I ſpend in his praiſe,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!

BACKSLIDER.

HYMN CCXXII.

PART THE FIRST.

1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treaſure above!
Tongue cannot expreſs
The ſweet comfort and peace
Of a ſoul in its earlieſt love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I firſt found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jeſus's name!

3 'Twas an heaven below
My Saviour to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the ſtory repeat,
And the Lover of ſinners adore.

4 Jeſus all the day long
Was my joy and my ſong;
O that all his ſalvation might ſee!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath ſuffer'd, and died,
To redeem ſuch a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carry'd above
All ſin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever ſhould grieve,
That I ever ſhould ſuffer again.

6 I rode on the ſky,
Freely juſtify'd I!
Nor envy'd Elijah his ſeat;
My ſoul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 Oh! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour poſſeſt
I was perfectly bleſt,
As if fill'd with the fulneſs of God.

HYMN CCXXIII.

PART THE SECOND.

1 AH, where am I now!
When was it, or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace!
I am brought into thrall,
I am ſtript of my All!
I am baniſh'd from Jeſus's face.

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So inſenſibly ſtarting aſide;
When the tempter came in
With his own ſubtle ſin,
And infected my ſpirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too ſoon
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vaniſhing out of my ſight;
My triumph and boaſt
On a ſudden were loſt,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4 Only pride could deſtroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart;
But whate'er was the cauſe,
I lament the ſad loſs,
For the veil is come over my heart.

5 Ah! wretch that I am!
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within;
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and ſin.

6 Nothing now can relieve,
Without comfort I grieve,
I have loſt all my peace and my pow'r:

No acceſs do I find
To the Friend of mankind;
I can aſk for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I ſee)
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Thro' a deſert of ſorrows I rove:
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jeſus's love!

9 I never ſhall riſe
To my firſt paradiſe,
Or come my Redeemer to ſee:
But I feel a faint hope
That at laſt he will ſtoop,
And his pity ſhall bring him to me.

HYMN CCXXIV.

1 How ſhall a loſt ſinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace;
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a ſecond releaſe?
Will Mercy itſelf be ſo kind
To ſpare ſuch a rebel as me?
And O! can I poſſibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee!

2 O Jeſus, of thee I require,
If ſtill thou art able to ſave,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ranſom my ſoul from the grave!

The help of my Spirit reſtore,
And ſhew me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a ſinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jeſus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a loſt ſoul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole:
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou ſeeſt the ſore anguiſh I feel)
Save, Lord, or I periſh, I die;
O ſave, or I ſink into hell!

4 I ſink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to ſhow;
Come quickly, and kindly diſplay
The pow'r of thy paſſion below.
By all thou haſt done for my ſake,
One drop of thy blood I implore:
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The ſinner a ſinner no more.

FOR THE KING.

HYMN CCXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy people pray
For all that bear the ſov'reign ſway,
And thy vicegerent's reign,
Rulers, and governors, and pow'rs;
And lo! in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 Jeſu, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And every threat'ning danger ward
From his anointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe,
And thro' the paths of heav'nly peace
To life eternal lead.

3 Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes deſtroy;
But ſhow'r on him thy bleſſings down;
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlaſting joy.

4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he ſeek that high abode,
Late to his heav'n remove:
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

5 And when thou doſt his ſp'rit receive,
O give him, in his offspring, give
Us back our king again.
Preſerve him, Providence Divine,
And let the long-illuſtrious line
To lateſt ages reign.

6 Secure us of his royal race
A man to ſtand before thy face,
And exerciſe thy pow'r;
With wealth, proſperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bleſs,
Till time ſhall be no more.

A PARENT's PRAYER.

HYMN CCXXVI.

1 God only wiſe, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our ſteps aright:

2 To ſteer our dangerous courſe between
The rocks on either hand,
And fix us in our golden mien,
And bring our charge to land.
3 Made apt by thy ſufficient grace,
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our riſing progeny.
4 Their ſelfiſh will in time ſubdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a ſacred clew
To find the Crucify'd!
5 We would in ev'ry ſtep look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
6 We would perſuade their heart t' obey,
With mildeſt zeal proceed;
And never take the harſher way,
When love will do the deed.
7 For this we aſk, in faith ſincere,
The wiſdom from above;
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure ingenuous love:
8 To watch their will to ſenſe inclin'd,
With-hold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their ſouls to God.

A MASTER's PRAYER.

HYMN CCXXVII.

MASTER ſupreme, I look to thee
For grace and wiſdom from above;
Veſted with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love.

2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may the appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might.

3 Inferiors, as a ſacred truſt,
I from the ſov'reign Lord receive,
That what is ſuitable and juſt,
Impartial I to all may give:

4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye;
From vice and wickedneſs reſtrain:
Miſtakes and leſſer faults paſs by,
And govern with a looſer rein.

5 The ſervant faithfully diſcreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly entreat,
And ſcarce diſtinguiſh from a child.

6 Order if ſome invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the goſpel-ſound,
And trace the providential way.

7 As far from abjectneſs as pride,
With condeſcending dignity,
Jeſus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the poſt aſſign'd by thee.

8 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou doſt to thy poor ſervants bear;
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of ſouls intruſted to my care:

9 In daily pray'r to God commend
The ſouls whom God expir'd to ſave;
And think how ſoon my ſway may end,
And all be equal in the grave.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

1 ALL hail! happy day,
When enrob'd in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth:
How can we refrain
For to join the glad ſtrain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth?

2 How boundleſs that love,
Firſt begotten above,
And through Jeſus to ſinners made known!
Lift, lift up your voice,
And exulting rejoice,
For Jehovah to earth is come down.

3 Ye angels of God
Sound his praiſes abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM.
We alſo will join
In a hymn ſo divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb.

4 To Chriſt we will ſing,
As our High Prieſt and King,
And our Prophet to teach us the road:
But more than all this,
For Almighty he is,
And we own him our crucify'd God!

5 To Jeſus's praiſe
Let us ſpend all our days,
For 'tis he that our ſurety has ſtood:
He ſojourned below,
That his mercy might flow,
And he purchas'd our pardon with blood!

6 O may the return
Of this once bleſſed morn
Be for ever remember'd with joy;

Sweet accents of praiſe
All our voices ſhall raiſe,
Hallelujahs ſhall be our employ.

7 Let echo prolong
The harmonious ſong,
Hallelujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations deſire,
And to him we devote the glad ſtrain.

8 Bleſt Jeſus while we
Pay our tribute to thee,
Let us worſhip, admire, and adore,
Accept as thy crown,
What before was thine own,
Hallelujahs and praiſe evermore.

HYMN CCXXIX.

1 HARK! the hearld-angels ſing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and ſinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies,
With the angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem."

2 Chriſt, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt, the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead ſee,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings;

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

4 Come, deſire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conqu'ring ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head:
Adam's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinſtate us in thy love.

NEW-YEAR's DAY.

HYMN CCCXXX.

1 THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another, and another year.

3 When juſtice bar'd the ſword,
To cut the fig-tree down;
The pity of our Lord,
Cry'd, "Let it ſtill alone;"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4 Jeſus, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo! we ſee another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound;
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CCXXXI.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe;
All praiſe to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs,
Whoſe providence has brought us thro'
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill continu'd care,
To thee preſenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhow
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go
To ſee thy face above.

3 Our reſidue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be,
And all our conſecrated pow'rs
A ſacrifice to thee.

Till Jeſus in the clouds appear
To ſaints on earth forgiv'n,
And bring the grand Sabbatic Year,
The Jubilee of heav'n.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

HYMN CCXXXII.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Wou'd he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in;
When Chriſt the mighty Maker dy'd
For man, the creature's ſin!

4 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

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1

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride

2

Forbid it, Lord, that I shou'd boast
Save in the cross of Xt my God.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood

3

See from his head, his hands, his feet
Sorrow & love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love, & sorrows meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

4

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all

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